THE

SPIRIT

OF

TURRETVILLE:

OR, THE

MYSTERIOUS RESEMBLANCE.

A

ROMANCE

OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY:

When Superstition, 'mid the Cloister's gloom,
Saw the pale Spectre issue from the Tomb,
When clatt'ring Armour cas'd each Warrior bold;
An Iron Age: unlike this Age of Gold!

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

TO those who know the Author, it is proper to observe, that the following pages were written at a time when he was prevented by illness from following his usual occupation: and with the hope that some small profit might arise to compensate in a degree for his loss of labour.

That which induced him to write at first, directed him also in the choice of his subject. The Proprietor of an extensive circulating library informed him, that he could not keep a ghost or a spirit at home: and that he believed, his house was the only one in the street that was not troubled with a Spectre from his Souterraine.

The Author has endeavoured to preserve the true character of Richard Cœur de Lion; the *actions* said to be performed by him followed

each other as they are narrated: and all that relates to the King of France is historically true. It is hoped that this hint will prevent any confusion between real and fictitious characters, in the mind of the youthful reader.

THE

THE

SPIRIT

OF

TURRETVILLE.

CHAP. I.

——Blossom speed thee well——
That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
To loss and what may follow!

SHAKESPEARE.

IN the reign of Henry the second, Sir Thomas Greyfort, a noble and worthy Knight, purchased the castle and domains of Turretville.

Sir Thomas was fond of hunting, and this

estate being situated on the borders of the New Forest afforded him an opportunity of easily gratifying his favorite inclination.

One day the dogs led him to a miserable shed, where, to his astonishment, he beheld a poor woman lying dead on the ground, with an almost famished infant still clinging to her breast. He ordered that both should be conveyed to the castle.

The woman was soon discovered to be a servant of the Baron de Rockenalt, suspected of too close an intimacy with one of his domestics; and it was supposed that she had perished in endeavouring to escape from the punishment usually inflicted on unfortunate women of this description, which must have been* dreadful,

* According to all English historians, their clothes were cut off at the middle, and "the more virtuous sort did prick them from town to town till they expired."

ful, since after death their bodies were not allowed christian burial.

Sir Thomas, after giving orders to have the mother privately interred, turned his attention toward the child: it was a boy; and Lady Greyfort having lately presented to him an heir, he resolved to have the foundling brought up in the castle, to be the future servant of his son, thinking he would thereby become more closely attached to his master.

William was the name of Sir Thomas's son; the foundling was called Hugh; and two years afterward, Lady Greyfort presented a daughter, Emilia.

As the boys grew up, they formed a connection very different from that of master and servant: they were friends. William solicited leave for Hugh to partake of his studies and exercises; and the

Knight had seen enough of that youth's disposition to induce him to grant his son's request.

Their studies were superintended by the family chaplain, a monk of gentle disposition and amiable manners. Their exercises of hunting, tilting, wrestling, and quarter-staff, were conducted by the Knight himself.

Though the affection of the youths for each other was unbounded, they agreed in nothing else. William's form was elegant; Hugh's athletic. — William's size was below that of persons in general of the same age; Hugh's far above it. — William's countenance was beautiful; Hugh's open, spirited, interesting. — William's mind was all gentleness; the mind of Hugh was energy itself.

This difference operated to the advantage

tage of Hugh, as thereby all possibility of rivalry was prevented. Indeed it was soon observed, that William was the best scholar, and Hugh the most promising soldier of the county.

Had Hugh been of an ungrateful disposition, he would have found it no easy matter to forget the obligations he owed to the Knight, which were sounded incessantly in his ears by the domestics of the castle.

Hugh having foiled the principal wrestler, Sir Thomas, who valued himself upon his skill, insisted on trying his prowess. Hugh would have excused himself, but the Knight was peremptory, and the essay began. Finding his antagonist still reluctant, Sir Thomas urged him to exert himself, saying, "Do you think so meanly of me, Hugh, as to imagine that I shall be angry at a fall?" Thus encouraged,

couraged, the youth proceeded, and Sir Thomas, who was at first careless, found it necessary to exert his utmost dexterity; nor did even this avail; for the conflict being prolonged until the Knight's vanity became piqued, he put his whole strength into one effort, and threw his adversary toward the ground; Hugh, however, contrived to turn himself, and ultimately to fall on his patron with a force proportioned to his ill judged attempt. Then rising in a moment, he assisted Sir Thomas, and, throwing himself at his feet, begged pardon for his presumption. "Boy, boy," said the Knight, blushing, and rubbing his shoulders, which had severely suffered, "let thy virtue keep pace with thy "strength, and thou wilt never stand in "need of my friendship."

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

O, but man! proud man!
Dress'd in a little brief authority,
——————like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As makes the angels weep; who with our spleens
Would all themselves laugh mortal.
——————A dog's obey'd in office.

SHAKESPEARE.

WILLIAM and Hugh, being one day excessively fatigued with hunting, had been invited into the cottage of a peasant on the estate of the Baron de Rockenalt. While their host drew a jug of sparkling October, his daughter, a blooming lass of twenty, spreading a snow-white cloth, produced excellent new cheese and brown

bread. The treat was exhilarating. At parting, William offered his purse, but it was declined, with a general offer of the cottage and its fare, whenever the youths should find it convenient.

Of this friendly invitation they had frequently availed themselves; often riding to the cottage to hear one of Jasper's long stories, and taste his October.

It happened, that, William being engaged with his father, Hugh strolled alone toward the cottage. As he approached, he heard the sound of the pipe and tabor, and soon discovered a jovial party dancing on the green. Jasper met him at the wicket with a face more round than usual, saying, "Oh Sir! I am glad you are come: odds heart, we are as merry as Saint Vitus!"—"So I perceive," replied Hugh; "let me know the occasion, that I may join in your mirth!"—"Occasion!" replied

replied Jasper, filling a horn; "daughter Sally was married this morning; won't you drink to bride and bridegroom? this ale was brewed at her birth; 'tis now as brisk as the bride!" Hugh, taking the offered horn, asked for the bridegroom: "Oh, Sir," said Jasper, "he is gone up to the Baron's, to pay the fees, and beg pardon.

"You know, she ought not to have married without the Baron's consent; but the Baron has got a wicked Steward that cast a sheep's eye on Sally himself: not that he would have married her, no! no! he wanted to ruin her, as he did poor farmer Groundsell's daughter; not that she loved him again, how could she love him, you know, Sir? why he isn't near such a good looking man as I. For why? I look straight out of my eyes; but Steward looks all o' one side, and is humpt and crook'd into the bargain. No! no! she

thought to save her father from prison; but it would not do, Steward sent him there all as one, and then poor Mary died of a broken heart, and was buried where cross roads met in the wood; but Steward dare not travel those roads after darking: so poor Mary has a little revenge.

"So how could I expect Steward would let the Baron consent? No, no, said I; when 'tis all over, he'll kick a little, and then be quiet."

Scarcely had Jasper finished, when the Steward appeared, with several followers: his face screwed up to a pitch of spiteful malignity. "Mighty well! pretty doings! excellent precedent!" he exclaimed; "spoil your jigging though, a pack of lazy beggars: be gone all of you to your homes, or you shall soon have no homes to go to: be gone, I say!" The dancers reluctantly obeyed. "Nay, pray Mr. Steward,

Steward, forgive!" said Jasper; "here's a little money, 'tis all we have."—"Keep it then," said the Steward, "you'll have need enough of it; I have the Baron's orders to turn you out of doors; so march, bag and baggage."

Sally kneeling to him, his passion became so violent, that he spurned her from him. Hugh, whose choler had been gradually rising, could not brook this insult, but, taking the miscreant by the collar, gave him a shake, that seemed to threaten his crazy frame with instant dissolution. He was silent in a moment; stared—trembled—and his knees knocked together: as soon, however, as he had a little recovered, he ordered his followers to seize the fellow who had so openly affronted him in the execution of his duty.

They accordingly advanced; but Hugh,

having seized a quarter staff, laid about him so successfully, as soon obliged them to skulk away, and make their report to the Baron.

Hugh now spoke for the first time. He endeavoured to console Jasper and his daughter, whose tears flowed apace, by promising them an asylum on his patron's estate; but met with more difficulty in the performance of this promise than he had foreseen: meantime he prevailed upon a peasant of the Knight's, to secrete them and the bridegroom, who by this time had joined them, 'till Sir Thomas's pleasure should be known.

On his return to the castle, he was met by father Benedict, who had been sent by William, to inform him, that the Baron had already demanded satisfaction for the insult offered to him in the person

son of his Steward; and that Sir Thomas waited for him in the library.

The Knight, having made himself acquainted with the particulars of the affray, told Hugh, that though he commended his spirit, he could not but lament its consequences. He observed, that, when two vassals of the same estate disagreed, their lord's court took cognizance of the affair; but that when lords thought proper to quarrel, the matter was seldom determined but by single combat, or actual war, the King, whose interest it was for the Barons to weaken each other, seldom interfering. "If," said he, "the Baron did not consider himself a party, I should have no objection to your being tried in his court, but I cannot allow such procedure when I consider his character."

As Hugh retired to his apartment, through

through the servant's hall, he found the domestics freely canvassing his conduct, and though, in consequence of all speaking at once, he could not hear in what particulars they differed from each other, yet he heard enough to convince him, that they were unanimous in hoping that the Knight would deliver him to the Baron, not only because he deserved to be so treated, but because he would thereby be prevented from disturbing the peace of the castle in future.

The more he considered, the more he lamented this unfortunate affair. He looked at his own conduct in every point of view; and though he could not think himself culpable in chastising the Steward, he was sincerely sorry that he had not suffered himself to be taken by his followers. He saw that it was particularly necessary for his patron and the Baron to be on terms of good fellowship;

ship; not only because they possessed adjoining lands, but because they were equally patrons of the church of Saint Mary, which was situated in a valley between their respective castles, and on the boundaries of each estate.

What was proper for him to do? Should he surrender himself to the Baron? The idea no sooner occurred, than he resolved to embrace it. Such a step would, at the same time, prevent the mischief likely to ensue from a misunderstanding between the Baron and Sir Thomas, and would also show the domestics that he was not that selfish being which they conceived him to be: 'tis true, Jasper's account of the Steward had given him no very favourable idea of his master; nor had the late conference with Sir Thomas improved it; but as he preferred death to the injuring of his patron, or the charge of

of ingratitude, he felt that he had nothing to fear.

He resolved, therefore, as soon as he should have written a letter, explaining the cause of his flight, and recommending Jasper and his family to William, to proceed to the Castle de Rockenalt.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Eyeless and chapless skulls, and mouldering bones,
——————————Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.——————

SHAKESPEARE.

THE evening was far advanced before Hugh set forth, and twilight overtook him at the place of his destination.—Enquiring for the Baron, the porter informed him, that, unless he had something of consequence to communicate, the Baron would not be disturbed. Hugh readily assured him that he had, and was accordingly ushered into an apartment, where stood a man of gigantic stature, who, in a voice

a voice of thunder, demanded his business. "Do I address the Baron de Rockenhalt?" said the youth: "You do," was the answer.

"Then I am the domestic of Sir Thomas Greyfort, so unfortunate as to have incurred your displeasure."

"What! Sir Thomas has thought proper to deliver you up?"

"No, I have thought proper to deliver myself up without his knowledge; to receive whatever punishment you may inflict, rather than that my patron should suffer by my misconduct."

The Baron, uttering a frightful laugh of contempt, exclaimed, "The bastard of a menial affecting nobleness of mind! Gilbert, take him to the north tower!" and (before Hugh, who was much more apt to

feel

feel indignation than awe, could reply) had stalked out of the apartment.

His conductor, as he led him through the different courts, toward the battlements, observed, that he had not known his master to be so merry for a long time; and, unlocking the door of his prison, told Hugh he would find company.

Hugh stood for some time just within the door of the tower, ruminating on his reception, ere he was aware of the total darkness of the place. While groping about for a resting-place, he felt his foot strike something that gently rolled away, making a hollow sound. He stooped to pick it up, and though there was no light yet he soon discovered, by the touch, that he held in his hand a human skull. A fearful groan issued from a distant part of the prison, and the skull dropt to the ground! The last words of his conductor

ductor "that he should find company," now struck him, and he demanded, "Who's there?" Another groan still more dismal than the preceding was the only answer he received; and all, again, was the silence of death. Presently, he heard a person distinctly saying his pater noster; and on repeating his question, a voice exclaimed, "O! mercy! I'm a poor outlaw, St. Cuthbert! but what could I do? I was obliged to enter their band or starve: now, indeed, I wish I had starved; for I should have had the consolation of virtue, but here I shall be starved without any consolation at all!"—"You have nothing to fear from me," said Hugh, "I am but a poor prisoner like yourself." The outlaw, being persuaded of this, with some difficulty told Hugh, that he was once a domestic of the Baron de Rockenalt; but that having had the audacity to think the Baron not quite so tender hearted as he might be, and impudence enough

enough to trust a friend with his opinion, he had been turned out of the castle; and, as there was no other resource, had joined a band of outlaws inhabiting the neighbouring forest. Two days before, he had been so unfortunate as again to fall into the hands of the Baron, during which time he had received no food. He also told Hugh, that having fallen asleep, he dreamt that St. Cuthbert, his tutelar Saint, appeared, to tell him that his hour was come, and that he should be starved to death like many other outlaws, whose bones strewed the floor of the prison.

While Hugh execrated the barbarity of the Baron, he pitied the poor criminal, and cast about for means to favour his escape. When, however, he made known his good intention to the outlaw, the poor fellow informed him, that in all probability he should die before morning, and that he would have need of all

all his influence, to save himself from the same fate.

About midnight, the rising moon allowed to Hugh a survey of his prison: 'tis true, he discovered many bones, and was obliged to use all his caution, to prevent himself from stepping on them; which was, notwithstanding, sometimes ineffectual, on account of the partiality of the light: whenever he did tread on them, he involuntarily shuddered, and fervently did he offer up his prayers for the repose of the souls of those whose bodies enjoyed no quiet in death.

He could not, however, suppose, that persons had actually been starved to death in the place; their bodies, whilst decaying, must have infected the air of the castle: It was more rational to think, that it was a contrivance of the Baron to render confinement more horrid.

The

The apartment was large and gloomy, without bed or seat; situated at the summit of the tower, and deriving light from the apertures in the wall, which were intended for the use of bow-men and archers.

His companion, inviting him to one of these apertures, bade him observe a company of men under the trees at some little distance; saying, he had no doubt of their being his colleagues, assembled for the purpose of attempting his release. Wishing he could make some signal, Hugh waved a handkerchief, and soon had the pleasure of knowing that he was understood. One man, advancing before the rest, was recognized as their best archer; in a moment after, something struck against the opposite side of the apartment, and fell to the ground: on examining, it was discovered to be an arrow, covered with small twine, having a piece of parchment attached, on which was written,

"Let

"Let down the twine; we will send up a cord."

The prisoner lamented that this would be of no use, as the aperture was by no means large enough to escape at: he try'd, but found every stone firmly fix'd. Hugh, being much stronger, seized on one that had been rent with lightning, and, after frequent efforts, fancied that it began to give way. The desire of affording liberty to his poor companion, gave additional ardour to his endeavours: and, pushing with his utmost violence, the stone was at length thrown considerably forward, and luckily made little noise in its fall.

The gratitude of the outlaw was proportioned to the benefit conferred: he threw himself at Hugh's feet, calling him his deliverer; indeed, it was much easier to fall, than to rise again; which, so much had

had he been weakened by his long fast, he could not do without assistance. He insisted that Hugh should escape first; but when the youth informed him that his confinement was voluntary, and that he had no thought of escaping, he called him mad: begged, prayed, and conjured him to think of his wilfulness; assuring him, that he would find more mercy in the paw of a bear than at the hands of the Baron.

To this Hugh replied, that he was prepared for the worst, and bade him take notice, that unless one remained, the other could not descend; there appearing to be no possibility of fastening the rope. "Beside," said he, smilingly, "you are so light with fasting, that it is matter of doubt whether you can descend at all; much less sustain the weight of a heavy man.

The outlaw at length took leave of him, as of a person left for execution. "But," said he, "if you should, by any means, escape the clutches of that great devil, and fall into the hands of outlaws, repeat the following word." He then mentioned a word which Hugh could not pronounce without difficulty, and feared he should never remember.

Hugh fastened his handkerchief under the arms of the outlaw; and having tied the cord to it, suffered him to descend, to the no little surprize of his comrades; who could not imagine who had thus befriended him.

Having reached the ground, and received the congratulations of his companions, there appeared to be a consultation; and presently, Hugh beheld a hunting spear tied to the rope, and signs made

for

for him to draw it up. He understood that this was intended to be placed across the aperture, in order to favour his descent: but as he could not avail himself of their friendly intentions, he let fall the rope, to signify his resolution.

At length the company departed: waving their caps, sometimes in token of joy, and sometimes of thankfulness.

No sooner were they gone, than all the horrors of Hugh's situation rushed upon his mind. He had frequently heard, that the souls of the departed were sometimes, on occasions of high behest, permitted to revisit the earth: and how should he doubt it, since it was asserted by fathers of the church, and confirmed by the testimony of respectable witnesses? Though he had nothing to fear from their appearance, as he possessed a conscience void of

offence, he felt that even their favours would be unwelcome.

How should he employ himself till morning? He thought he could not do better than to collect those scattered remains of former men, and place them in an obscure part of the apartment. His imagination became peaceful at the idea; but he had not proceeded long in the performance of his pious task, when, on carrying a parcel and putting them gently down, he thought he felt the bones crawl under his hand; and on hastily rising, he perceived the breast, neck, and face of a person leaning over him. The object gradually fading from his vision, he thrust forward his hand to ascertain if it were reality, but felt only the bare wall of the prison.

This appearance effectually interrupted his

his employment. He went to the aperture, and no longer dared to trust himself in the obscurity of the place: yet, his eyes frequently strayed towards the spot where the fearful spectre had vanished.

The night was beautifully serene: no cloud interrupted the moon's pale light, which illuminated alike the tower of the Baron's castle, of Saint Mary's Church, and of Turretville, whither Hugh's sight was generally directed, while his mind was busied in forming conjectures on the probable issue of his adventure.

As the morning dawned, he had a more complete view of his prison. He could discover nothing more than before, but he felt his apprehension retire with the gloom, and, gradually becoming more calm, laid down on the floor and addressed himself to sleep, nor waked

till rudely shaken by one of the Baron's people, who came to conduct the outlaw to execution.

Hugh asked if he was the object of their commission; and on being answered "No," chid the fellow for disturbing him, saying, "You might have seen that the outlaw was not here. I am a prisoner, and not a prison-keeper, and shall not trouble myself to answer any questions concerning him."

No sooner was it known that the outlaw had escaped, than the whole castle became one scene of confusion. It seems, he had made reprisals for the Baron's former ill usage, and was consequently the object of his particular vengeance; the Baron having resolved to crucify him in the wood, as a dreadful warning to his companions.

The

The Porter hid himself, till his Lord's fury should be abated, and the domestics in general directed his anger towards Hugh; knowing that the only way to escape the shaft themselves, was to point it at another.

Hugh was now summoned to the hall, at the upper end of which sat the Baron in a chair of state, his countenance strongly expressive of care and ferocity. His domestics were ranged on each side, and the little crooked Steward sat at a table in front, to officiate as clerk. When Hugh entered, the Baron appeared to be much agitated at the sight of him, and to revolve something in his mind, like a person recalling the circumstances of a transaction that happened long ago. At length, he seemed to have satisfied himself, and assuming an imperious manner, asked how he dared assist the outlaw in his escape.

Hugh calmly replied, that to any question which concerned himself, he would readily answer; and the Baron would not be so unreasonable, he presumed, as to try him for the offence of another.

"You refuse then, to answer?" said the Baron.

"I do."

The Baron rose in dreadful passion, just as a servant announced the arrival of Sir Thomas Greyfort, and his family. William immediately entered, and, approaching Hugh, gently blamed him for his flight, bestowing at the same time many encomiums on the nobleness of his conduct. Mean time, Sir Thomas advanced to sooth the Baron, as did also Lady Greyfort, the charming Emilia leaning on her arm.

At

At the sight of this lovely maid, the Baron's features relaxed into something like satisfaction: saying, that he could refuse nothing to such divine supplicants, he ordered Hugh to be discharged, and the court dismissed.

Hugh could not repress a smile, on seeing the crooked Steward returning the papers into his bag, with a face distorted into every expression of malice and mortification.

CHAP. IV.

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE beauty of Emilia, who was now about sixteen years of age, was not of that kind which strikes the beholder with awe—it was of the most engaging quality. The smile of good nature beamed on intelligent features. Her form was of graceful proportion, her manner irresistibly pleasing.

Fond of her brother, she adopted his partialities, especially his partiality to Hugh,

Hugh, which led her sincerely to rejoice in the termination of this unpleasant affair.

Emilia thought favourably of Hugh on another account: though she had often invited him, by her manner, to join in the lively amusements of Sir Thomas's parties, he still maintained the reserved, respectful behaviour of an inferior, who considered himself honoured by her notice, and was grateful for her kind intentions. Thus the gratification received by her vanity, was more than equivolent to the mortification arising from her want of success.

To this young lady the party were indebted, not only for Hugh's pardon, but also for an invitation to spend the day, which the Baron gave, to the surprize and wonder of his domestics, who once again

made the walls of the old castle resound with merriment and preparation.

Hugh, who could scarcely survey the Baron without abhorrence, desired permission to return to Turretville. Lady Greyfort, however, observed, as it was on his account that they came to Rockenalt, they should consider themselves his guests; a compliment that Hugh received with rapture, and which induced him to show his sense of the honour, in every exertion to amuse.

The conversation leading to the escape of the outlaw: Hugh, at the request of Sir Thomas, acquainted the company with the manner of it. The Baron, who relished not this discourse, could only show his disapprobation, by doubting the circumstance of an arrow being shot into so small an aperture at so great a height.

Hugh,

Hugh, however, replied, that it was not only possible, but easily to be done; and on being asked to prove the assertion, arrows were brought, and the party walked without the walls, to the spot occupied by the archer of the outlaws. Hugh, after trying his bow, and poising his arrows, shot three, successively, into the tower. The Baron was surprized, Sir Thomas delighted, for Sir Thomas considered, and justly too, that he had called such excellence into action. William now essayed, and was not entirely unsuccessful: but of all the Baron's domestics, whether from trepidation, or whatever cause, not one could be found equal to the task. Sir Thomas challenged the Baron, but the Baron wisely declined a contest, in which, in all probability, he would have shown his inferiority to a menial, whom he affected to despise.

Various sports and exercises now took place, in which William discovered his skill, and Hugh his superiority; for he was indisputably the first runner, vaulter, wrestler, and horseman on the sward. His spirits were exhilarated to an unusual degree by the approbation of his Lady, which the Baron, and indeed his patron, mistook for vanity, the latter thinking it necessary to caution the youth to bear his triumphs with moderation; and though the heart of Hugh revolted at the hint, yet it had the effect of reducing his temper to its proper standard.

It was evident, that the Baron surveyed him with scrutinizing, and sometimes the most perplexed aspect; and that he could with difficulty conceal the chagrin which he felt at his success.

Emilia,

Emilia, who had employed herself in weaving a chaplet of flowers, placed it on the brow of Hugh, who advanced to kiss her fair hand, according to the laws of chivalry. "Hugh," said Sir Thomas, "you are endowed by Providence with uncommon powers: take care that you forfeit not the divine protection by their misapplication."—"O, Sir," replied the youth, "to you am I indebted for every advantage I possess; and on my knee I vow that they shall be employed in the service of you and of your house to the last hour of my life!"

This scene was torture to the Baron, who proposed returning to the castle, where the good cheer that had been provided filled every heart, but his own, with satisfaction and good humour.

The Baron was a man of impetuous passions, which he made no scruple of gratifying

gratifying to the extent of his power. But when, as in this case, the object was beyond his reach, he endeavoured, by depreciating the value of it, to turn their current into another channel.

With this view, he hoped to find something in the conduct of Emilia, that might operate as an antidote to her beauty; and as he never rejoiced to change his opinion for a better, he was sincerely sorry that she proved the most amiable, as well as the most charming of her sex.

This discovery, indeed, at which any other lover would have been overjoyed, filled the Baron with vexation. He would now be under the necessity of wooing, and of adapting himself to the peculiarities of Sir Thomas, and the caprice of Lady Greyfort, in order to obtain their good opinion; which to him, who had always been in the habit of commanding and enforcing,

enforcing, was a most irksome consideration.

In the dusk of the evening, they prepared to return, the Baron having resolved to accompany them; when, on coming to a part of the road, bordered on each side by a thick copse, they were surprized by a strange and fearful scream: Immediately a figure passed across the road, with the rapidity of lightning, close to the head of Lady Greyfort's horse. The animal, being excessively frightened, set off at full speed, and was followed by the whole party, except the Baron, who changed colour, his hair standing upright, and his frame trembling in every joint; while his eyes became fixed in horrid immoveability.

The horse, instead of proceeding homeward, took a path that led circuitously to a precipice: it was in vain to expect to overtake

overtake him, and therefore Hugh, dismounting, made his way through the copse. Arriving at the brink of the precipice in the critical moment, he started from the underwood, and a second time frightened the horse, who threw his fair burthen; but, unable to stop himself, was dashed to pieces in the pit.

Lady Greyfort had been caught in her fall by Hugh, but fainted in his arms. Sir Thomas, being now come up, received her from him; and the youth, descending into the pit, brought water, by means of which she shortly recovered. William now arrived with Emilia; as also the Baron, time enough to hear the grateful acknowledgements which were poured upon Hugh by all the party.

They were about to remount, when they were again alarmed by a deep, heavy groan. "Jesu, defend me!" said the Baron.

Baron. "You are in no danger, my Lord," replied Hugh: "that groan proceeds from the poor horse." The Baron was both relieved, and ashamed, at this information, declaring that the figure they had seen must have been a spirit: the dismal yell, the quickness of its motion, and the place where it disappeared, would admit of no other supposition: and none of the company were disposed to canvass an opinion that seemed by its circumstances to be established in truth.

Sir Thomas, sending for the youth from his library, declared, he should consider himself his perpetual debtor: and asked if there was any thing in his power to grant, by which he could shew his sense of the obligation.

To this kind question, Hugh replied, that he had only done one act of service; whereas his life was the effect of Sir Thomas's

mas's bounty, whose conduct toward him had been a series of benefits. Nevertheless, he observed, that had he considered himself entitled, he should have asked the favour of Sir Thomas to take Jasper under his protection; adding, that William could testify how well he deserved encouragement on his own account.

William joined cordially in this request; and proposed, that as their present Steward wished to return to Normandy, the place of his nativity, Jasper should fill his situation.

Sir Thomas cheerfully granted the request, provided the Baron should have no objection. He also undertook to establish Jasper's daughter and her husband on his own estate.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

I have heard, but not believ'd,
That spirits of the dead may walk again
——————In pure white robes
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay.——————

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN Hugh retired for the evening, his mind was filled with that grateful sensation, which always accompanies the consciousness of having done our duty. He sat himself down in pleasing reverie on the occurrences of the day; nor was it till almost an hour

hour had passed, that his attention became excited by a scroll of parchment lying on the floor, though his vacant eye had been directed to it the whole time.

As he was not inclined to sleep, he trimmed his lamp, and began to read.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HOUSE OF ROCKENALT.

To the deepest recess of a grove,
Where silence and solitude reign'd,
A youth, in the anguish of love,
Of fortune so wayward complain'd.

"What

" What boots it ?" he cry'd, " that my sword
" So often in battle has shone ?
" That I'm knighted by Edward, dread Lord,
" Since I'm knighted *Sir Ralph the* [*Uun-*
" *known?*"

" Can Claribel ere be the bride
" Of an outcast, an object unknown ?
" Forbid it, a father's just pride !
" Forbid it, relentless, my own !

" To-morrow shall see her the wife
" Of Torridbourne, haughty and proud ;
" To-morrow shall close a sad life,
" That care and perplexity cloud !

" Yet long as it may without crime,
" Shall hope be my fond bosom's guest,
" To smile through the pittance of time
" That leads to oblivion's rest !

" To-morrow, I'll mix with the train
" That bear her far distant away
" To Torridbourne's spacious domain,
" Where a thousand arm'd vassals obey.

" I envy

" I envy not Torridbourne's state;
" I seek not his riches to share;
" His titles or honours so great;—
" I envy him only the fair!

" I will gaze on her charms all the day,
" Her beauty so peerlessly bright
" Shall chear my sad heart with its ray,
" Then, to me, set forever in night!"

Next morn saw the fair destin'd bride
Set forth on her palfrey so white;
Sir Rowland rode stately beside,
Her father, a war-blazon'd Knight.

A Fryer, disguis'd in his grey,
Sir Ralph mixes in with the train,
His eyes to fair Claribel stray,
Their glances, alas! are in vain.

Now forth from a dark shadow'd wood
Rush robbers a desperate band,
With the chief, in contention, then stood,
The valiant Sir Ralph, hand to hand.

" By

"By Saint Dunstan," an archer cries out,
"Their leader is soon overthrown;
"The father, so holy and stout,
"Laid about him like *Ralph the Unknown*."

In a beech's luxuriant shade,
The company sat on the grass;
Refreshments profusely were spread,
And the horn did merrily pass.

Whilst many a kid on the plain
At his sports strove the damsel to please,
When lo! from the thicket amain,
Sprung a gaunt wolf, his victim to seize.

The archers in vain bent their bows:
In vain ev'ry arrow was sped;
This seeing, Sir Ralph quickly rose,
And he drew a long shaft to its head.

Death-winged the swift arrow flies;
"Such marksmen I know but of one,"
Sir Rowland exclaims with surprize,
"And that is *Sir Ralph the Unknown*."

Now evening's long shadows appear,
Now dark grows the mantle of night,
Now, Torridbourne's castle to cheer,
Strikes dazzling and full on the sight.

Illumin'd within and all round,
It flames like a meteor on high;
At its gate the proud Baron is found,
And the music strikes up merrily.

Knights and damsels a right gallant show,
To the hall and the banquetting flew,
And they feasted it cheerly, when lo!
The light became suddenly blue!

The Baron saluting the fair,
A faint scream is heard all around;
They rise, with amazement they stare!
A spectre sinks into the ground!

They rush to the spot; they behold
Wide yawning and ghastly a grave!
Whilst bones, mingling fast with the mould;
With horror appall'd e'en the brave.

"Ah!

"Ah! who hath perform'd this foul deed?"
Sir Rowland exclaim'd with a sigh,
"By my gauntlet, my spurs, and my steed,"
Cry'd Torridbourne's Baron, "not I.

"Not, as I'll prove with my sword
"Against all the knighthood on earth,
"Should any one here doubt my word,
"I pray you, e'en let him stand forth."

"If thine innocence, Baron, appear,
"Cry'd Sir Ralph, my poor life is well given;
"But if thou art stretch'd on thy bier,
"I stand forth the champion of heaven."

"Proud Churchman," the Baron reply'd,
"I know not a knight if thou be;
"But here shall thy prowess be try'd,
"Reviler of knighthood and me."

They fought, and the Baron's bright steel
Fled far from his powerless hand:
"Now swear thou proud Baron, and kneel,
"To answer what I shall demand.

" As a churchman I yield thee thy life.
" Did'st thou do this atrocious deed ?"
" May those mouldering bones be my wife,
" And that grave be my sole bridal bed,

" If mine was this action of woe !"
" Enough," said Sir Ralph, " Baron rise,"
" Enough," cry'd a voice from below,
And the grave disappear'd from their eyes !

" A boon," Lady Claribel cries,
" Sir Priest my confession must hear,"
Sir Ralph, now averting his eyes,
In silence proceeds with the fair.

" O Father," she cry'd, " my sad heart
" Revolts at this proud Baron's claim ;
" At his form so terrific I start,
" I am pale at the sound of his name.

" On his aspect, so ghastly and wan,
" When my eyes do unconsciously rove,
" I shudder ; ah say, holy man !
" Can this be the promise of love ?

" This

" This scene too, so fearful of late,
" Say, is not the Baron forsworn?
" For the crimes of a man that I hate,
" Why must I be wretched and mourn?

" O father! thy actions declare
" A heart where enthroned sits Truth;
" Bear with me, I pray thee, and hear,
" Another I love. O a youth

" I own as my bosom's dear lord,
" (I fear me I ever shall own,)
" Nay, Fryar, start not at my words,
" That youth is *Sir Ralph the Unknown*

Ere the Knight could dismiss his surprise,
A menial's importunate call
Repress'd the fair Claribel's sighs,
And summon'd him back to the hall.

With fear, he surveys, and alarm,
Where late gap'd the grave all so wide,
The proud Baron stand, and a form
Like Claribel's stand at his side.

" Sir Fryer," the Baron then cry'd,
" A fond pair entreat to be blest;
" And lo! 'tis the will of the bride,
" The blessing by thee be address'd."

Sir Ralph bade the Baron explain;
But the Baron, slow waving his hand,
Exclaim'd, " tis my fate, so in vain
" Sir Knight you resist my command."

'Twas fate, and he caus'd them to kneel;
But scarce could the service o'er say,
Ere Claribel enter'd the hall,
And gently reprov'd his long stay!

" Enrag'd, cry'd the Baron " tis well!
" Who has Claribel's station supply'd,
" Let me raise up this long floating veil,
" And salute unexpected my bride."

The veil was uplifted, then cry'd
All mould'ring and chapless a skull!
" Ah sweet, to a new married bride
" Methinks thou art backward and dull!

" I am

"I am thine, I am Roderic's wife,
"For thee I abandon'd my son;
"For thee, rob'd a husband of life,
"Thy father, *Sir Ralph the Unknown*

"But well did thy treacherous blade
"Reward both my love and my guilt;
"And well shall the loan be repaid,
"I swear by the blood I have spilt!

"Nay start not; in vain is your strife,
"Your oath brought me forth from the dead;
"May those mouldering bones be my wife,
"That grave be my sole bridal bed."

Then round the pale Baron she twin'd
Her long arm of mouldering bone;
To his visage so ghastly, she join'd
A visage more ghastly, her own.

They sunk down in flame thro' the floor,
Whilst horror possess'd ev'ry mind;
The pavement rose up as before,
And no trace of the action remain'd!

Sir Ralph now threw off his disguise,
His mantle of grey and his cowl;
And proclaim'd, to Sir Rowland's surprize,
The passion that glow'd in his soul.

And many a mass was there said,
In the hall, which a chapel soon rose
In memory of the foul deed,
And to bid his Sire's spirit repose.

When the days of his mourning were o'er,
Fair Claribel gave him her hand;
O day of delight to the poor!
They were honour'd and lov'd thro' the land.

Royal Edward, to cancel the shame
Sir Ralph might unworthily share,
Attaching to Torridbourne's name,
Bade him that of Lord Rockenalt bear.

Thus, *Ralph the Unknown* was the first
Of Barons they Rockenalt call;
Disturb not his hallowed dust
In the vault of the chapel-form'd hall."

The

The impression made on the mind of Hugh by this legend had not left him when he awoke in the morning. Its antiquity was beyond doubt; but by what means could the parchment come into his chamber? Whilst he lay in ruminating perplexity, a gentle sigh issued from a distant part of the apartment: anxious to know from whom it proceeded, and what a woman (for such his imagination had made the person) could want in his apartment so early, he laid quite still, and feigned himself asleep, without absolutely closing his eyes; so that through their long dark lashes he could see every thing that passed. Presently he beheld his curtains gently undrawn by a tall elegant figure in white, with a veil that reached to her feet.

Hugh, who could think this lady no other than that mentioned in the legend, involuntarily shuddered and

trembled every moment lest she should withdraw her veil.

Meantime the apparition gazed upon him with apparent tenderness: clasped her hands, raised her eyes to Heaven, and wept.

The sleep that Hugh counterfeited had its proper effect; for the lady, stooping over him, began with trembling fingers to withdraw the clothes that covered his breast. Hugh now became exceedingly uneasy; his uneasiness alarmed the visitor: she hastily drew the curtain and retired, though not till Hugh had remarked by what way: which, to complete his surprise, was through a whole length portrait.

The morning being now far advanced, Hugh arose and dressed himself; and the first object of his enquiry was the portrait.

It

It slid away to one side without difficulty, and admitted him into the east wing of the castle, which had been constantly shut up, because, said Sir Thomas, "it is not wanted." But the domestics had always said, "because it is haunted."

To know the truth of this last assertion was that which Hugh next resolved to do; and, as a sort of preparatory measure, he sought Jasper, to learn of him the history of the family that occupied the castle before Sir Thomas bought it.

CHAP. VI.

This is the prettiest low born lass, that ever
Ran on the green sord.
———They say the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention, like deep harmony.
———Is it not dead midnight?
Cold, fearful drops, stand on my trembling flesh!

SHAKESPEARE.

"JASPER," said he, "who lived at this castle before Sir Thomas?"—"I did, master Hugh."—"Then you know the family?"—"Know them!—O my kind old master!—my brave young one!—my sweet lady! let these tears, and thou-

sands

sands that have flowed on the same account, convince you how sincerely I regret their misfortunes—how truly I was devoted to their service."

Hugh had never seen Jasper shed a tear before, not even at his own and his daughter's distress, when they were turned from their little cottage on the Baron's estate; and there was that in his honest grief which procured him a companion.

"O!" said Jasper, "that the lightning had blasted that fiend of Rockenalt before his false, infamous, and detested assertions obliged my young master to try his force against a giant!

"My late master, Sir Henry Riverford, was a man of small stature; but he possessed the soul of honour, and had acquired

quired reputation in the holy wars: on his return, one of the hostages that were taken to secure the league formed with the enemy was committed to his custody. Sir Henry had long placed his affections on a vassal's daughter; and though delicacy with respect to his father prevented his marriage during the old Knight's life, yet as he always intended it, he took care that she should receive an education that would not disgrace a title.

"The Baron de Rockenalt was a rival, but a mean one: whose object was seduction. He propagated villanous stories to injure Sir Henry; tending to make it appear, that Sir Henry was the base, and himself the honourable lover; and there is no answering for what might have happened, had not old Sir Henry suddenly died, and the young one married almost immediately.

"The

"The Baron, 'tis said, raged like a wild boar: no domestic dared approach his presence; whilst he employed his breath in execrating Sir Henry, swearing eternal enmity, and vowing the most dreadful revenge.

"Such was the scene at Rockenalt: not so at Turretville. It had always been customary on the wedding of the Lord to keep open house for three months; two had already passed in merry making and prayers for the welfare of the new married pair; when one morning all was consternation and confusion. The Saracen prisoner had escaped from the west tower. Couriers were dispatched, embargos laid, and large rewards offered. What rendered it still worse, was a conviction, that some one must have been accessary to his flight.

"Sir

"Sir Henry went immediately to Court. The King expressed full confidence in his honour; kindly endeavoured to reconcile him to himself; and desired that he would go home and make himself as happy as he deserved to be. Here, in all probability, the affair had ended, but for that diabolical Baron. A report was spread that Sir Henry had been privy to his prisoner's flight, and was soon traced to the Baron as its author. Sir Henry insisted on the combat: all his friends advised him against it: even the King condescended to interfere; but Sir Henry's honour, as he conceived, had received a stain, which must be washed away, though it should be with his blood.

"When the combatants entered the lists, the disproportion of size was remarked with loud and universal disapprobation.

probation. The umpires declared that it could not be a proper combat, since there was so much injustice in the face of it. But as Sir Henry still declared his intention to proceed, and began to be impatient; the combat was suffered to begin with the loud prayers, not of "God defend the right," as usual upon such occasions; but "God defend Sir Henry Riverfort."

"Ah! Master Hugh, I cannot think that God has any hand in these unchristian-like doings; for though master unhorsed the monster, he had no chance with him on foot. He received a blow that brought him to the ground, and was told to confess his crime and to beg his life. He refused to do either; and then, Sir, the barbarous villain ran his accursed steel up to the hilt in his body; and whilst he lay weltering in his blood,

demanded

demanded the forfeited estate according to law.

"Nobody listened to his claim. All crouded round my master, whose dying words were, "I know not why Heaven forsook me, unless it was for my presumption: I die innocent!"

"The vile Baron, however, obtained possession of the estate, and was the first to give my sweet Lady the news of her husband's death: 'tis said, he offered her his hand; but that she refused him with horror, pined away in secret, died, and was buried in the church of Saint Mary in the vale, between the two castles: where the remains of her Lord had already been deposited."

As Jasper had proceeded with his story, Hugh felt every emotion that it was calculated

culated to inspire: indignation, pity, but, above all, admiration at the steady, undaunted, and magnanimous behaviour of the unfortunate Sir Henry. His aversion to the Baron was converted into deadly hatred; and as often as he became the theme of his conversation, or even of his thoughts, his features would gradually assume the expression of defiance.

He now desired Jasper to tell him all that he had ever heard about the eastern wing of the castle; and was informed, that the Baron, when he took possession, meant to reside in that wing himself; but that his domestics constantly complained of being disturbed with music in their sleep: and that once a portrait in the chamber Hugh now occupied nodded to a servant as she was making the bed. But this was not all: the Baron one night rung his bell in great fury, and

was

was found by his servants senseless on the bed; his limbs in a cold sweat, his eyes open, and his features of the most ghastly complexion. When he recovered the use of his speech, he exclaimed wildly, "Where is she? did nobody see her go? O! let me quit this horrid roof for ever!" His horses were ordered, he rode off to Rockenalt immediately, and had never returned to Turretville till the day before, when he accompanied the family, to whom, after the fright he had suffered, he had taken the first opportunity of selling it.

Hugh farther asked Jasper, if he had courage enough to sit up with him all night in the haunted wing, in order to ascertain the foundation of reports so injurious to the peace of the castle. Jasper replied, "Who, I, Sir? yes to be sure, —that is, no Sir—yes, Sir, I mean; Sir, had you not better ask father Benedict?

you

you know, Sir, he can lay the ghosts as fast as they appear."

Hugh now sought William and father Benedict, both of whom thought the tale he related of most important and extraordinary nature; and agreed, when the family should be gone to bed, to explore the dark apartments.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Where should this music be? in earth or air?
———Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee.———

SHAKESPEARE.

HUGH's impatience was so great, that he thought evening would never arrive. No sooner had he heard Sir Thomas's step ascending the great stair-case, than he sallied forth in quest of his associates.

William was first to meet him; next, father Benedict, crossing himself as he walked;

walked; and after him came Jasper with a dark lantern, and a flaggon of wine, of which he had so frequently drank, by way of keeping up his spirits, that he scarcely knew the lantern from the bottle. They proceeded toward Hugh's apartment, father Benedict still crossing himself, and sprinkling the room with holy water as he went: nor would he suffer Hugh to remove the portrait, till he had crossed it in every part, and mumbled a Latin prayer against evil spirits; to which Jasper would gladly have cried Amen, though he did not understand a word of it; but his good intention went off in a hickup.

Hugh stepped in lightly: William followed: then father Benedict, with his arms across his breast. Jasper thrust forward the light; his head followed, and, after looking both ways, he would have entered; but unfortunately he had forgotten

gotten that he had crossed his legs, as a security against evil spirits; so, according to the common expression, "he stood still, and fell down;" and, in truth, had nearly terminated the expedition, by extinguishing the light.

When this disaster was repaired, they discovered a long gallery; on one side of which the doors of several apartments opened: on the other side was a wall covered with portraits, with the paintings turned inward toward the wall; and at the extremity, as Jasper informed them, there was an oratory, with a closet beyond it.

Hugh desired to see the portrait of Sir Henry Riverford: Jasper, moving along his hand, exclaimed, "This is old Sir Henry!" and turned a face, in which Gentleman was written, as plainly as features of dignity and benevolence could

do it: "and this," said he, turning another, "is my master; eh day! no, this is my mistress." Hugh started with surprise: it was the very figure of the lady who had visited his bed; but what a countenance! it was sweetness itself! He thought he should not wish to avoid the spirit of a person whose portrait proclaimed that, whilst living, she possessed the mild virtues, uncontaminated with one unhallowed passion.

"This then," said Jasper, turning a third, with all the tenderness of recollection and respect, "is the picture." It was now Jasper's turn to be surprized: as he held up the light, "good Heavens," he exclaimed to Hugh, "do you see nothing, Sir?" Hugh's face was covered with blushes: it was the portrait of himself! Father Benedict and William acknowledged the likeness, and the former proposed that they should give over

their search for the night—inform Sir Thomas in the morning of what had occurred, and make enquiry, with a view to ascertain whether Lady Riverford had left any child.

To this our hero would by no means assent: his curiosity was raised to the highest pitch, and he was resolved to gratify it as far as it was possible.

Soft music seemed to issue from the oratory, at the extremity of the gallery: Hugh stepped cautiously forward, followed by William; but father Benedict seated himself on a stone bench, and received draught for draught, with Jasper, of the spirit-cheering liquor; occasionally wiping away the cold sweat that settled in pearls round his mild forehead, with the skirt of his robe. Jasper extolling his own courage, and lamenting that humanity required his stay with the poor

Monk,

Monk, opposing the duty he owed to his master, who, for aught he knew to the contrary, might by this time have been carried away in a flash of fire.

And yet all this fine speech of Jasper's, delivered in a loud tone of voice, was intended for no other purpose than to bolster up his own fortitude, that seemed to be much in the wane.

Meantime the youths proceeded. They found the door of the oratory ajar, and saw the back of a lady, who was seated at her harp. The tones that she produced, were most plaintive: there was nothing repelling in her manner, and Hugh advanced till he could see over her shoulder. Heaven and earth! what a spectacle met his eyes: he saw the hands of a skeleton on the strings, and the next moment the performer turning

round, instead of the charming countenance he expected, presented a mouldering skull!

Long before they could recover from the surprize that overwhelmed them, the hateful spectre rose, waved her hand forbidding them to follow, and stalked into the interior of the oratory.

But when Reason, who appeared to have suffered a temporary usurpation, regained possession of her throne, Hugh flew to the door, fell on his knees, and conjured the spirit, in the name of the holy Virgin, to declare, if any thing he could do might release it from its confinement to earth: solemnly swearing, that he would attempt it, though at the risque of his life.

A deep sigh issued from within.

Hugh

Hugh once more solicited in the name of all the angels, confessors, and martyrs; nay, in His blest Name that saved the world.

He received no other answer, than a repetition of the same deep sigh.

"Answer me then," said he, "on my own account;" and he opened the door of the closet: he entered: there was no one within, nor could he find a place that offered the possibility of escape to any being but of ethereal nature.

"Come my friend," at length said Hugh; "here is some horrid mystery that we are not now permitted to develope. Let us commend ourselves to Heaven, retire to rest, and make Sir Thomas acquainted with all things in the morning."

As they quitted the oratory, they met Jasper and father Benedict, who, by encouraging each other, had got thus far in search of them. They would not, however, stop to gratify their curiosity, but promised that they should be at the morning conference.

CHAP. VIII.

Hence to the sea, whose sanguinary wave
Arabia's tawny sons and Egypt's brave;
Deep in the flood conceal thy guilty head,
Thou wand'ring spirit of th' unhallowed dead!

AT the breakfast table Sir Thomas rallied the young men on the gloom that overspread their faces: remarking, that the pleasant termination of the Steward's disagreeable affair ought to inspire good humour and cheerfulness; but observing that his efforts were ineffectual to lighten up their countenances, he

hoped no new cause of uneasiness had occurred.

William replied, "that if he would favour them with a hearing in the library, he should be qualified to judge of their behaviour, and the breakfast being soon over, they adjourned to the place of appointment."

It is not to be supposed that Lady Greyfort and Emilia were perfectly easy under this appearance of mystery; but they had long been satisfied to know only that portion of Sir Thomas's concerns which affected themselves.

When Sir Thomas had heard Hugh's wonderful narration from beginning to end and had made him repeat the most striking parts of it, he declared that he was so much surprized and astonished at its strangeness that he could not tell how

how to act. He was afraid that murder had been committed, but on whom could his suspicions fall? "O Sir," exclaimed Hugh, "can you doubt?—The Baron de Rockenalt!—did he not murder the husband in cold blood, and was he not in love with the wife?"

"Hey dey!" replied Sir Thomas, "not "that I *know* of: and I am astonished to hear such unqualified language from your lips. But be careful in future: his behaviour toward you has filled your mind with shocking prejudices: young man you have offended me."—"O pray forgive me," said Hugh; "I trust, had I seen the Baron in any other circumstances, I should have formed the same opinion, from his gloomy, revolving features, and that appearance of anxiety which will not suffer him to breathe in freedom, or enjoy those blessings with which he is surrounded. O Sir, he is your contrast;

but whatever you do with me—do not, ah! do not, bestow that inestimable jewel, your fair Emilia, on such a monster! I have seen his aukward advances; I have seen him despise himself, for being guilty of the meanness as he considered it! O Sir, should they unite, it must be the union of the lamb with the tiger: believe me, Sir, those creatures are not of more contrary natures than the monster Baron and your gracious daughter!"

"Young man," replied Sir Thomas sternly, "What right have you to advise as to the disposal of my family? But perhaps——can it be possible?——Can he presume?——Perhaps, Sir, after turning the picture, you have thought of the Lady yourself!" Hugh was affected almost to suffocation: he entreated Sir Thomas to kill him rather than use language so distressing. "Believe me, Sir," said he, "your honour is more dear to me than life.

life. I would defend it with my blood; and if I entertained a thought to the prejudice of it myself, I am convinced that I should seek some miserable solitude, and hide my guilty head for ever."

"Rise Hugh," said the Knight, "I am sorry to have said any thing that could give you pain. You have never yet been detected in a meanness, and a man of honour should be above suspicion.—Let us consider what can be done in this mysterious business: father Benedict give us your opinion."

The holy father smoothed his brow, adjusted his cowl, hem'd, and, placing the fore-finger of one hand in the palm of the other, thus began:

"First, There can be no doubt that this was a ghost: the place where it disappeared; infallibly proves it. Secondly,

There are two distinct sort of ghosts: one sort of ghost is an innocent ghost, sent back possibly to reveal some circumstance of murder, and to obtain christian burial for its body; which commission being executed, the poor ghost retires to purgatory if its sins are not all expiated: if they are, it may wait in limbo patrum till the day of judgment. Now our ghost cannot be this ghost, because it refused to answer though adjured by angels, saints, confessors, martyrs, nay, even by the holy virgin herself.

Thirdly, There is the guilty ghost, sent to do penance for sins in the place where they were committed; but as this sometimes has been all over the house, and as it is very inconvenient for the occupier to give up every apartment; (especially as the fiends who torment it are some of them wholly void of consideration, and make an unreasonable stir),

Heaven

Heaven thought proper to appoint the Red Sea as a place of torment sufficiently large and commodious for their accommodation; and thither spirits can be sent by the supreme power of the holy catholic church, expressly delegated to it for that purpose."

The father now assumed an attitude of more consequence. "Sir Thomas," said he, "as there can be no doubt that your ghost is of the last description, I will, to-morrow, by virtue of my sacred office, sprinkle holy water and perform mass in every part of the haunted apartment, and then recite those words of dreadful import, that shall rid you, for the space of one thousand years, of this strange and ungracious intruder."

As it appeared that nothing else could be done, this was agreed to, and the party separated for the day.

The

The next morning father Benedict summoned the domestics, and, at the head of several of the most fearless, entered the apartments with plenty of torches, in order to open the windows: this service done, the servants retired to their usual occupations: Jasper only being retained, to make, as father Benedict gave out, the responses; but in reality, the holy father, with all his virtues, was but a weak man, and did not like to encounter the spirit alone; his conscience having smote him a little for speaking so positively ill of it to Sir Thomas.

The dinner-bell rung: father Benedict had not finished his task—eight o'clock came: he had still much to do—at twelve, however, he had only to offer up the final or closing prayer, and therefore dispatched Jasper for a little wine.

Jasper

Jasper had not fasted all this time; no, his *fauces* had been employed as well as the Monk's; and, as it will be found, with quite as much effect.

Father Benedict finished the service, and, rising, exclaimed, "How can they say that monks are the drones of the hive; feeding on sweets that belong only to exertion and industry. Have not my prayers restored peace to the best of families, and relieved many worthy domestics, from incessant apprehension?"

He was proceeding with his soliloquy along the gallery; when who should he meet, but the identical ghost that he had, not five minutes before, so quietly disposed of in the Red Sea?

The father was not of a nature to faint; he therefore very fairly took to his

his heels, regained the oratory, and threw himself into a chair: where Jasper, who arrived a short time after with the wine, found him in a state of trepidation, scarcely to be described. "Angels defend us!" exclaimed Jasper; "has the ghost had the impudence to look your Reverence in the face? When ghostly impudence comes to this pass, spirits should be put down by statute; but, perhaps, you are only faint for want of food?—twenty long hours fasting, would humble a stouter man than your Reverence.

Father Benedict, who was shocked at this shameful retreat, (the circumstances of which he had no inclination to reveal) suffered Jasper to entertain his last opinion; and darting his eyes on every side, to see that all was clear, hoped Sir Thomas would not again be troubled with such unwelcome visitors:" then, leaning on Jasper's arm, quitted the apartment,

apartment, fully resolved that nothing should ever induce him to enter the terrific gallery again.

When questioned by the young men and the Knight as to his day's employment, he was exceedingly embarrassed, giving general answers: "hoping that he had done some good; if he had not, it was not for want of an inclination, and praying they might never be disturbed with such phantoms again.

This behaviour, at first, instead of raising suspicion, operated much to the father's advantage. It was supposed, that he had obliged the ghost to enter into some compact, the nature of which he was not at liberty to reveal.

But when Sir Thomas talked about occupying the apartments, the unguarded, incautious,

incautions, and vehement manner in which the Monk inveighed against it, made him resolve to become acquainted with the truth; and he sternly bade him follow to the library, where he obtained, though not without the greatest reluctance on the part of the father, an ample confession.

This information increased the good Knight's perplexity; and intelligence brought him by the friends late in the evening, winded up the anxiety of his mind to a climax.

Having strolled near the church in the dell, they were surprized to hear the service of the dead performed on the organ: the doors were fastened; but as the church was almost in a state of ruin, one of them was easily forced to yield. The curtain of the organ gallery prevented

vented them from seeing the performer; but after a pause and plaintive prelude, they could distinctly hear the following words:

"Why must I linger here below,
"Whilst Henry's spirit soars in skies;
"Yet why complain? it is not woe
"To watch the tomb where Henry lies!

"But when, my hard probation o'er,
"My Henry's spirit I may view,
"My pious task required no more,
"I'll bid his tomb a glad adieu."

Father Benedict declared, that the spirit of Lady Riverford had been deputed by Heaven to watch the tomb of her deceased husband; and observed, that she must have been innocence itself, as it was usual with Heaven to employ Angels only on such high occasions. This was, no doubt, the reason that all his

his prayers had been ineffectual to eject her from the apartments, which he begged the Knight quietly to resign to her sole use.

Sir Thomas replied, that his mind was in such a state of irritation, that he could not sleep, till he had obtained some sort of satisfaction, and challenged the holy father to sit up with him in the haunted apartment. Father Benedict took two steps backward, and not only positively declined, but endeavoured with all his rhetoric to dissuade the Knight from his purpose; saying, that the spirit was as quiet and well disposed a spirit as could be, at present; but if made angry, nobody could tell the extent of its power.

Hugh and William, however, gladly offered their company, which was as gladly

gladly accepted. Supper was made cheerful by the piety of their intentions; and when the clock struck twelve, they retired through Hugh's apartment into the haunted gallery,

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.
If the ill spirit have so fair an house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.
——The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast seas—The moon's an errant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun.
The sea's a thief, whose horrid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears. The earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrements. Each thing's a thief.

SHAKESPEARE.

THEY amused themselves for some time in turning the portraits: Sir Thomas freely

freely acknowledging the resemblance of Hugh to Sir Henry Riverford. When they were fatigued they sat down on the stone bench.

They had not been long seated, when they saw a pale light issue from the oratory, and presently afterward the spectre appeared, her long white veil waving in airy folds behind her. Hugh dropt on his knee: Sir Thomas and William followed his example, and the spectre advanced. When it came opposite to the two latter, it paused: and, extending it's arm, which seemed of ethereal substance, said, "Peace be upon your house;" passed on to Hugh—here it assumed a firmer attitude; and, in a tone at once of command and entreaty, pronounced these words: "Signalize yourself." It then moved onward, entering one of the chambers that occupied the side of the gallery, as before described.

"Well,"

"Well," said Sir Thomas, after a long pause, which he was the first to break, "this is a most fascinating spirit: If all spirits were of this complexion, I should be tempted to wish myself disembodied. Come, boys, I find we have nothing to fear, let us go and sleep in the peace it has bestowed on us.—You, Hugh, have received instruction." "Yes, Sir," replied the youth, "instruction which it must be the business of my life to endeavour to execute."

In the morning letters were brought to Sir Thomas, with the King's seal on them. They certified, that, the league having been broken by the Saracens, his Majesty was preparing to renew the war in person, and required of Sir Thomas to join him with all the stores and forces he could muster.

"Come,

"Come boys," said Sir Thomas, "when the king goes, nobody dare stay behind; I flatter myself my boys do not wish it: What says William?—Hugh's soul speaks in his eyes."

William replied, that nothing could give him so much satisfaction as to follow his father in the pursuit of glory; and hoped that no action of his life would reflect shame on so good a parent.

"This day," said the Knight, "I have promised to spend with Lord Rockenalt; I wish now that I had not—I begin to be prejudiced against him myself; but my word is past, and I cannot retract; I will not, however, be so cruel as to insist upon Hugh's accompanying me. To-morrow we will summon our people."
"Thank you, dear Sir," said Hugh; "I shall find enough to employ me in your

absence, by way of forwarding the expedition."

He collected the armour of Sir Thomas and William, and bade the Armourer examine and polish it; but when he came to try on his own, he had grown so exceedingly, that it was much too small for him. He searched the armoury through, but there was none that would fit, and he was in the greatest distress; till he recollected that the armour of the first Riverford, who had also been canonized, lay piled up on his enormous tomb, in the church of St. Mary.

Hugh flew thither like lightning: the door was open: he ascended the monument, and began to try it on piece by piece: it fitted exactly: having finished with the helmet, he leapt from the lofty tomb into the aisle, making the whole

whole church resound with the sound of his armour.

The organ now struck up; and Hugh listened in profound silence to the following address:

"Go daring youth: O be it given
"To thee, to clear the ways of heaven!
"To hurl a tyrant from his height;
"And the true heir to reinstate.
"Go daring youth, so favor'd, blest,
"And let my troubled spirit rest!"

As Hugh returned to the castle, he met Sir Thomas and his family going to Rockenalt. They very courteously stopped to offer the stranger Knight accommodation at the castle; but when Hugh lifted up his beaver, and smiled, though without the smallest presumption, in Sir Thomas's face, telling him the circumstances of the

armour:—"O, Hugh," said the Knight, "you certainly are born for some great and extraordinary design."

In the evening Hugh took a walk toward the shore. His mind, being occupied with thoughts of the intended expedition, was wholly insensible to time and the beauty of nature around him: he continued to wander till drops of rain fell, and dark clouds that crossed the moon in rapid succession waked him from his reverie, with indications of approaching storm; he, therefore, turned his footsteps towards the castle, but not by the way he came. Thinking to gain some advantage of ground, and certainty of shelter, he struck into the new forest, and pursued his rout, from his recollection of the relative situations of the castle, and the place at which he turned off, which was well known to him.

William

William delighted to see nature in her placid moments; when the sun gladdened hills, whose beautiful green was contrasted with the snowy fleece of the sheep that fed on them. He would sit for hours by the side of a clear stream, admiring the flowers that fringed its banks, till its soft murmurs invited him to sleep; and delighted to stroll alone by moonlight through groves, listening to the ever-varied strain of Philomela.

But Hugh felt sublime pleasure from contemplating nature in storm. As he proceeded slowly, rain fell in torrents, thunder was heard at a distance, lightning flashed, and gusts of wind rushed through the forest, mingling with the petrifying howl of wolves seeking their prey.

Hugh had gone so far without discovering any mark he knew, that he began to think he had lost his way; and ap-

proaching to a hill that he had never seen before, converted his suspicion into proof. He now paused, considering what to do. The storm had increased to its extremest fury: tearing up trees on every side of him, whilst the lightning's extended flame, through an opening of the forest, often exposed the solent sea—white sails tossing upon it at the mercy of the storm, and the dark hills of the Isle of Wight mingling with clouds in the distance.

As he stood, more attentive to the progress of the storm than to his own situation, he felt a noose thrown over his head; and, in an instant, his arms were confined to his sides, without the smallest power of motion; on turning round, he beheld three rough-looking fellows, who bade him bear his situation patiently, and hoped he had that about him which would pay for the trouble of taking.

They

They opened a trap door covered with verdant sod, near which Hugh had been standing, and bade him descend: resistance was vain; he obeyed, and, on reaching the foot of a ladder, discovered an exceedingly extensive cavern, scooped out of the hill, its roof being supported by unhewn trees—on each side were couches for the repose of its inhabitants—at one end, was a monstrous fire, with people working—in the other was a recess, where sat a young lady and gentleman in the same disgraceful confinement as himself—and in the middle, was a long table, covered with every delicacy of the season, and not fewer than fifty free-booters at supper.

"Captain," said his conductors, "we have brought you a prisoner."—"Turn him over to the rest till after supper," was the reply. As Hugh approached his companions in durance, how

great was his sorrow and astonishment, to find that the young lady and gentleman were no other than William and Emilia.

William informed him, that Emilia, having found the Baron's attentions offensive, had proposed a ride in the afternoon, which he gladly acceded to; but that they had not been an hour abroad before they were surrounded by the whole present band, who had been lying in wait for the Baron himself.

Hugh, thinking that supplication would avail nothing in a den of wild beasts, advanced in a free but resolute manner, bidding one of the banditti to cut the cord that bound him: the fellow, surprized at the strangeness of the request, hesitated: "Do it," said Hugh, stamping with his foot violently: the man obeyed: "Zounds," bellowed the Captain,

Captain, "this is curious conduct for a prisoner; this"—"Peace," said Hugh, interrupting him; "I pledge my honour not to attempt my escape.—I can cut the young lady's bonds myself; it is not gallant, that a lady should suffer constraint in the company of gentlemen."—"Thou art a strange fellow," said the Captain, "come and sit beside me?"—"Not yet," replied Hugh, "presently I may do you that honour."

It was no difficult matter, whilst releasing Emilia, to cut, unseen, the bonds of William. Hugh returned the knife, and sat down by his friends, absorbed in thought. "Do you think it possible," said Emilia, leaning on his shoulder, "to escape from these ferocious men?" Hugh returned no answer. William hoped, that the promise of a handsome sum, and of security on oath, might have some

effect. Hugh was still silent, and his silence seemed to argue every thing unfavourable to their wishes: the truth was, Hugh was endeavouring to recollect the strange word, which the outlaw, in the north tower of Rockenalt, had been so solicitous to enforce on his memory; but, as it often happens, he was prevented by that very eagerness with which he had attempted it.

The banditti now became noisy; and began to sing, or rather to bellow:

Since all are met,
A jolly set,
We'll share the cheer before us,
We'll drink and sing,
The roof shall ring,
And Echo join in chorus.

The soldier far,
Engag'd in war,
May think his fortune evil;

But

But we, who fight
'Gainst odds of right,
Defy the law and devil.

Let's freely own,
That wine's alone
The bond of association;
It prompts the deed,
If it does not succeed,
It grants us consolation.

Then drink boys, drink,
Fill horns to brink,
Let each lad wet his throttle;
Get drunk, if inclin'd,
'Tis sin, ne'er mind,
Confess to an empty bottle.

This noisy effusion disturbed Hugh's intense thinking; but when it was over, the word he had been searching after with so much anxiety returned without solicitation. He advanced to the table, took a horn of wine, bowed to the Captain, and repeated it.

The effect was instantaneous: the brotherhood rose—every one seemed anxious to show attention to this unaccountable guest—the chief insisted on having his seat placed by his own, whilst the astonished Emilia sat next, with William at her side. "Come, refresh, refresh," said the Captain, "and when you are satisfied, you shall tell us how you gained possession of our secret." Hugh and William wanted little inviting; Emilia refused every thing but a horn of wine and a little fruit that Hugh prevailed on her to accept.

"Are all within?" roared the chief. "We want but Conrade," was the reply; "and he is expected every minute with provision."

Conrade soon after returned, but without provision: he said, "that the night was so tempestuous, that with the hamper

at

at his back, he had been blown about at the mercy of the winds, who had no mercy at all, over hedges and ditches; so that at last he was fain to deposit his care in a thicket, till the storm should be somewhat abated, and get home as well as he could without it."

"But you have company," said he, casting his eyes askance; "Yes," replied Hugh, who in Conrade recognized the man whose escape he had favoured; "but we are your guests."

"Indeed! by what token?"

"The north battlement of Rockenalt Castle."

Conrade, who now remembered Hugh's voice, rushed forward, fell on his face, embraced the youth's ancles, worked his feet

feet alternately, blubbered like a child, and exhibited every ludicrous and extravagant demonstration of joy.

With much persuasion, he at length sat down at the table; but could not be prevailed upon to eat, till Hugh informed him how he had been so fortunate as to escape the fangs of the tyrant. Hugh told him that he had been rescued by powerful friends; but observed, it was well for Conrade that he escaped that night, the Baron having sent an order in the morning for his crucifixion.

At mention of that horrid word, the robbers rose as if by instinct, advanced in a circle, drew their swords, and placing them at once on their chief's, swore, with the most dreadful imprecations, to exterminate the monster from the earth.

During this dreadful scene, Emilia was scarcely

scarcely kept from fainting; and when it was past, earnestly desired to return to the Castle.

"The Virgin bless you, sweet lady," said Conrade; "it would be madness to venture abroad whilst the storm rages in this dreadful manner; when it abates, I, and half a score of my comrades, will conduct you in safety wherever you please to go."

With this assurance Emilia was obliged to appear contented; meantime, the robbers collected round Hugh, who was quite oppressed with their boisterous gratitude. A thought occurred to Hugh, that these men might be made serviceable in their projected expedition. After having consulted William on the propriety of the measure, he thus began to sound their chief:

"Captain,

"Captain, you live a scurvy life of it below ground, here."

"What can we do? every man's hand is against us; it is but just to retaliate."

"It may be necessary for your existence, but it certainly is not just. By the laws, you are considered as having injured society, and are therefore expelled from it; but will the commission of more injury make amends for that already committed?"

"What will you say when I inform you, that some of our members were too virtuous for the world? for that world which is so outrageously virtuous, as to drive from it many a man, who, if an opportunity had been offered to him, would have repented and become a valuable member of society. Many a man has been driven by the severity of the laws

to

to the commission of crimes that has brought him to the gallows."

"But granting that an opening were made for your gallant band to return to their proper rank in society, how many would be disposed to embrace it?"

"Hold there; we move one and all: it might not be safe for the remainder, if any were to separate."

"Well, I have a proposal to make to one and all; which, in my opinion, will be much more worthy such spirits, than the occupation you now follow, so full of anxiety and risque, without the hope of fame: and, in which, if you acquire wealth, you have no opportunity of truly enjoying it.—The King is going to the holy land; Sir Thomas Greyfort accompanies him; so does Sir Thomas's noble son;" (pointing to William) "Stop," cries

cries the Captain, "is that gentleman son to Sir Thomas Greyfort?"—"Yes; and that young lady is his daughter." "Down on your knees then, ye raggamuffins, and beg pardon for the insult offered to them; had we known that they were so nearly related to that worthy gentleman, instead of conducting them to this vile cavern, we would have waited on them to Turretville, with respect and pleasure; but who could have supposed that Angels would condescend to eat their mutton with the Devil. Proceed, Sir, and let us know the extent of your proposal."

"My offers, then, are briefly these: on the part of Sir Thomas, free pardons—his pay and the King's; and in case of booty, it shall be divided among yourselves—your officers shall not accept any part of it."

As

As he concluded, an universal huzza shook the cavern. They agreed unanimously on one condition, that Hugh should be their leader. This could not be settled without Sir Thomas's approbation; but Hugh invited the Captain to the castle, pledging his honour to the band for his safe return. As the storm was by this time abated, and Emilia became impatient on account of the distress her parents must suffer, they ventured to ascend from their subterraneous confinement. William and Emilia had their own horses restored; Hugh borrowed the Captain's; mounting, they galloped with light hearts toward Turretville, preceded by a guide, and followed by twenty horsemen.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school days frightful, desp'rate, wild and furious:
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold and venturous:
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly and bloody.

SHAKESPEARE.

IT is impossible to describe the joy that prevailed at Turretville. Couriers had been dispatched, and every means used to obtain intelligence of the absentees, without success.

William and Emilia, dismounting, rushed into the presence of their parents;

rents; whilst Hugh procured refreshment for the escort. After dismissing them, with thanks for their attendance, he followed his friends.

Sir Thomas took his hand as he entered the parlour, but could not speak: Lady Greyfort wept her thanks, whilst William and Emilia poured forth incessant acknowledgments. Hugh would have retired till they had recovered themselves; but the Knight detained him, declaring that he could not think of parting so soon with a person to whom he was indebted for his present happiness. The family sat late, enjoying that felicity which had never before suffered so great an interruption; but which was become, in consequence, more exquisite: nor was it till day-light, nor then without reluctance, that they retired to their respective apartments.

At breakfast, William informed his father of the proposals that had been made to the outlaws. Sir Thomas was pleased at the project, complimented Hugh on his talent for negociation, and ratified the treaty.

Whilst they were discussing the matter, the Chief of Banditti arrived by appointment, with intelligence that his troop would only go on one condition, that Hugh should be their leader. To this the Knight readily agreed; and promised moreover double pay so long as they should continue in his service. He then retired to write for pardons, and to obtain the King's approbation to embody the band.

In the mean time, Hugh conducted the Captain, or rather the Lieutenant, which was to be his future title, to Jasper's apartment; where, whilst he refreshed

freshed himself, Hugh begged to be informed of the meaning of the strange word he had found it so difficult to recollect.

"It has no meaning at all, Sir," replied the Lieutenant; "'tis a word composed of the initials of the names of all the band, set down in the order in which the several members were admitted; an idle expedient, but it answered the purpose."

"Your life," said William, "must have been checquered with many vicissitudes; if it is not disagreeable to you, my friend and I should think ourselves favoured by a sketch of it."

"My story," said the Lieutenant, "is short, and barren of entertainment; but such as it is you are heartily welcome to—a part of it.

"I was

"I was born in yonder castle of Rockenalt. Few great men take the trouble to learn to write; the old Baron kept a Secretary—I am the son of that secretary; and it being intended that I should supply the office at my father's death, I was made thoroughly acquainted with its mysteries.

"The old Baron was a nobleman in the strict sense of the word: he kept open house for the poor and the traveller; and he rejoiced to be called the Father of his Vassals. His eldest son too was as fine a gentleman as ever sprung a lance; but his brother, the present lord, was from his infancy of a malignant disposition, ill-natured and ill-favoured. As he grew up, he became so large, so ugly, and so deformed, that his father's dogs barked at him; at which he was so exasperated, that he one night entered the kennel, and killed every

every one of them. Two passions were predominant in his composition: envy and ambition; and his favourite saying was, if people will not love, they shall fear me.

"He had tampered with me to do him a service; which, as it affects his villainy, I would willingly reveal; but, as it also reflects no credit on myself, can benefit no person, and may injure me in the estimation of those whose good opinion I wish to deserve, I beg leave to take no further notice of it, than as it led to the following scene.

"Finding me easily to be worked upon, as in the business above alluded to, he desired me to meet him at midnight, in one of the vaulted rooms under his castle.

"Long before the appointed time, I saw the Baron descending the stone stairs, with a lamp in one hand; the other was muffled in his cloak."

"Walter," said he, "I have something for you to do, that will render me the greatest lord in England, and make your fortune; but it requires resolution."

"Do you doubt mine, my Lord, that you lay such an emphasis on the word?"

"No, no, my good Walter; but the deed is a desperate one."

"Well, my Lord, if it be also honourable, Walter will not shrink."

"Honourable! nonsense; can you mention

mention that word, after the late service you performed for me."

"Proceed my Lord."

"Well good Walter."—

"Nay, pray my Lord, if no longer honourable, surely no longer good."

"Well then, Walter, it was because I knew you to be the most resolute man in the castle, that I singled you out for this purpose. My brother—"

"Yes my Lord."

"Stands in my way."

"My Lord I don't understand you."

"Dolt!—keeps me out of possession; but good Walter he may be removed."

"True my Lord, by sickness—perhaps war."

"I cannot wait for such tardy executioners: he must be removed immediately, and by thee.—This dagger—"

"By me, my Lord! what I—I murder the best, the kindest young master!"

"Peace—resolve to obey me; or this dagger, that was intended for him, shall drink thy blood."

"Well my Lord, if I must—but the reward?"

"Here is a purse of fifty crowns; when 'tis done, one of five hundred shall follow; but, good Walter, let me inform you where you may best accomplish the purpose. My brother, you know, has a whim of confessing himself, not to Monks,

Monks, but to God alone, in the Church of St. Mary: you can steal softly behind him whilst on his knees at the altar, and plunge the weapon into his heart: Monks will say 'twas the vengeance of the Almighty, for neglecting the ordinances of the holy church."

"Kill him at the altar!" I exclaimed.

"Villain," roared the Baron, "give me back the dagger; I see that I dare not trust thee; but take that" (making a blow at me) "as the reward of thy intentions."

I avoided the stroke, and, bursting from the apartment, ran along a passage, that extended, I supposed, half a mile, in which I could discover no turning; the Baron following me with the lamp.

"At length I came to some stone steps, which I ascended; but what was my horror to find a door at the top, which resisted my utmost efforts to open! The Baron was now at the foot of the steps, and, seeing my distress, exclaimed: "You have led me a race; but as I see that you at last intend to wait for me, I may slacken my pace as I ascend these stairs."

"I renewed my attempt on the door in vain; the Baron was already half way up the staircase, and I resolved, in case of the worst, to turn upon him like a hard hunted tiger; when lo! I heard footsteps on the other side! Heavens, how slowly did they seem to move! At length a key was put into the lock, and turned with all due deliberation! The Baron was now near enough to make a blow: I sprung forward, and the door gave way. In my haste, I, most fortunately

nately for myself, but most unluckily for him, overturned the person who had thus critically saved my life. The Baron fell on him; and before he could recover himself, I had escaped from the church of St. Mary, into which I found that this subterraneous passage had led.

"The Baron, seeing me go without the hope of overtaking me, wreaked his vengeance on the author of his disappointment; whom he stabbed in several places, and then brutally left to welter in his blood.

"It seems, that the Monks of the neighbouring priory made use of the church at that time; the chapel, given by Sir Henry Riverford, adjoining their own walls, not being built.

"The poor old Verger had gone, according to custom, to ring the bell for

midnight service; and hearing a person knock at the door which he knew led to Rockenalt, went with all the speed his old feet could use, to open it.

"He was found by the monks in the situation described; they humanely spread their cloaks into a litter, and conveyed him to the priory: where, contrary to all expectation, through their good skill and attention, he recovered, and was providedfor within the walls.

"In the mean time I joined the banditti that I knew lurked in the neighbourhood: and, as a vacancy happened soon afterwards, was elected Captain: not that I possessed more personal courage or strength than my companions; but having as much, my clerkship turned the balance in my favour.

"For some time I endeavoured, by all possible

possible means, to give the Baron's son some notice of his danger; but it was not many weeks before I heard from one of the domestics whom we surprized, that he had been found dead in his bed. There were no marks of violence on him; but as he turned black almost immediately, he was strongly suspected to have been poisoned.

"He added also another circumstance; that when his brother approached the corpse, blood issued from his mouth and nostrils; which you know, Sir, is considered as an infallible proof that he was the murderer.

"Shocked at the death of his beloved son, and the circumstances attending it, the old Baron died broken-hearted, yet cursing the author of his sorrow.—The monster Baron grinned horribly, and took possession of the title and estate.

"The courage of the present Baron has often been extolled: he has not a grain of true valour in his frame.—His fearlesness, nay eagerness to fight, arises from the knowledge of his superior strength, and the consciousness of never having been overcome. I have seen him tremble at sickness like a coward.

"As to my situation as Chief of Banditti, that afforded more danger than entertainment. We generally contented ourselves to plunder the traveller, and then suffer him to proceed; but if ever we thought proper to carry him to our cavern, he came out a dead man or a robber.—It was a law made for our proper security."

The youths, having thanked the Lieutenant for his narration, dismissed him, promising to send as soon as pardons should arrive; and offering provision

from

from the castle in the meantime, that no further outrage might be committed.

In the course of a week, dispatches were received from court, not only containing pardons, but a letter from Richard himself, thanking Sir Thomas for his great exertion. The benefit he should receive from the outlaws, he observed, would be twofold: their arms in war, and their being prevented from doing mischief at home in the absence of the military.

The youths immediately set off with the glad tidings; and an invitation to repair immediately to Turretville. They were received with acclamations of joy by the banditti; who having little to settle, and nobody to settle with, returned with them to the castle.

When they entered the road between Turretville and Rockenalt, they beheld

the Baron just before them on horseback. The Baron, also, it was presumed, saw them; for he set spurs to his horse, leaned forward, and did all he could to expedite himself. The banditti saw and enjoyed his fears, urged their horses, made the most execrable noises; and in spite of every effort that William, Hugh, and the Lieutenant made to prevent it, entered the castle with the Baron in that disorderly manner.

The Baron was dismounted, and had sought shelter in the castle in an instant; whither William followed, hoping his mother and sister had not been alarmed by the banditti's abominable noises. Emilia replied, that as they had been apprized by Sir Thomas, they felt no apprehension but for the Baron.

"Thank you, lovely Emilia;" whined the Baron; "then you do feel some

some little interest in my fate?"—"I should feel even for a brute, whose life I had heard threatened, and whom I saw pursued by his enemies," replied Emilia.

"Without thanking you for the comparison," exclaimed the Baron; "did those ragamuffins threaten my life?"

"They swore by their swords to sweep you from the earth."

"Let me seek Sir Thomas," foamed the enraged Baron. "I'll have the gates shut and string them up like crows."

"Moderate your passion, my Lord;" said William; "these men have all free pardons from the King, absolutions from the Archbishop, and commissions to be embodied, and to fight under my gallant friend in the Holy Land."

"Under

"Under Hugh's command!" cried the Baron, evidently agitated.

"Even so!" replied William; and then bowing, "unless the Baron de Rockenalt has any objection."

"Who, me? I—I certainly can have no objection on my own account; but what might not William perform at their head?"

"I shall have fifty men: so will Sir Thomas; but I doubt if our hundred will yield twenty-five such sturdy spirits as those in the court. Will you take a view of them?"

"Not till I am sure my person is secure: for though I consider myself as a match for any one man in the realm, he must be mad that would fight fifty."

William

William therefore went alone, and made known the Baron's apprehension. The Knight hoped, as he considered the Baron to be his friend, that no man would molest him whilst in his service; and begged they would pledge their word to comply with his request.

The men grumbled, and pleaded their oath. "Come, come, fellow soldiers," said Hugh, "leave him to Heaven: remember you were outlaws when you swore; and therefore the oath is not binding: for my sake, 'tis your Captain's first command, grant Sir Thomas's request."

They now gave their consent in surly execrations; and William having assured the Baron of his safety, he came forth under the protection of Lady Greyfort and Emilia.

Sir

Sir Thomas mingled familiarly with the men: shook hands with each, and ordered a barrel of the best October to be distributed amongst them. Lady Greyfort and Emilia took each an arm of Hugh, and, parading before the troop, received their aukward obeisances; but not a bow—not a dof't cap—not even a glance, except of detestation, greeted the Baron: who stalked about, apparently listening to William; but, in reality, his mind was so entirely filled with malignity and concealed envy, that he heard not a word that was said.

Hugh at length, in pity to his sufferings, advanced and respectfully bowed. Though the Baron cordially hated Hugh, yet this was a cordial to his heart; he fancied it gave him consequence in the eyes of the robbers.—It certainly proved how great was the influence of that young man

man upon his feelings. When the troop dismounted, Lady Greyfort asked Hugh, which was the roughest animal, the man or the horse? "O Madam," he replied, "the diamond has a rough outside; but when polished, it becomes an ornament to the crown of royalty. These fellows have spirits that will lead me to glory; and render me more worthy of those favours which it is your pleasure every hour to bestow."

The lower apartments of the haunted eastern wing were appropriated to the use of the troop; and as by constant usage the Knight was obliged to furnish a certain number of horsemen, and to keep them forty days at his own expence, he was at no loss for the necessary stabling and provender.

Now it was that Hugh became thoroughly employed; he listened to the wants

wants of his men, redressed grievances, and inculcated the principle of unanimity. In a short time they were furnished with uniforms and armour; then it appeared what manner of men they really were: tall, brawny, regardless of heat or cold, expert archers; and for strength of arm, such another body of men could scarcely be found.

Every day he led them forth to exercise; when, by leaping with one, running with another, wrestling with a third, boxing, shooting, riding, and swimming, he convinced them, that he was every way worthy to be their leader.

It chanced that one day, being exercising near a deep river, one of the horses fell in, and swam toward the opposite shore, near which he contrived to disengage himself from his rider; Hugh instantaneously

instantaneously followed, and had the good fortune to save his soldier: he caught the man's horse, assisted him to remount, and re-entering the river on his own, ordered him to follow; and was obeyed, amid the loud huzzas of the troop, whose hearts were won by this magnanimous action.

Hugh found his men expert horsemen and archers; he wished them also to use the spear and shield adroitly, thinking that the distant war of arrows was as unworthy of their strength of arm, as it was contrary to his inclination.

In this he succeeded to his utmost wish: he also taught them, what had hitherto never been done, to do the duty of horse or foot soldiers as occasion should require.

Meantime,

Meantime, Sir Thomas summoned his vassals, choosing as many single men as could be found; he then took married men without children, and with the same kind consideration completed his levy: making provision for the wife in the absence of her husband.

But what were his men to Hugh's?—Men whose hearts were not engaged in the service, though truly devoted to their lord: their apprehensions were slow, their motions, heavy; accustomed to the plough and the flail, their weapons were aukwardly handled, and they were stupified at the idea of going so far from home.

Hugh considered his men by this time as sufficiently expert to deserve the attention of his patron; he begged the favour, therefore, that he would review them on a neighbouring common: Sir Thomas gladly

gladly assented—a day was appointed—his men ordered to attend for their improvement, and Lady Greyfort with Emilia promised to attend on horseback.

The news of a review spread all around; several of the neighbouring gentry, and crowds of artificers and husbandmen, attended to see the robbers do their exercise.

On the appointed morning, Hugh was mortified to find the ground already occupied by the vassals of the Baron de Rockenalt, who insisted on the right of priority.

The Baron himself gave the word; and in two dull hours his people, with much difficulty, went through their manœuvres, to the great entertainment of Hugh's troop. The Baron ordered them to file off; and with great self-satisfaction, rode

rode up to Sir Thomas for his approbation: who good naturedly assured him, that, considering their inexperience, they had done wonders.

Now, said the Baron, let us see how your ragamuffins will perform. How great was his surprize, instead of ragamuffins, to see a handsome body of fifty men in bright armour enter the ground: with horses as well dressed as any in his own stable.

There was an acre of rough ground which the Baron had carefully avoided: the river, once mentioned, was beyond it; and on the other side, the ground was still more irregular than on this.

Hugh, motioning with his sword, collected his men round him; and, informing them what to do, told them they were

were not to expect any word of command.

They first performed their ordinary manœuvres, step by step, as the Baron's people had done; but with such surprizing quickness, dexterity, and correctness, as called loud and repeated huzzas from the spectators.

The Baron was overwhelmed with confusion—Sir Thomas and William were delighted—whilst Lady Greyfort and Emilia looked on in silent admiration.

Every evolution was performed by a motion of Hugh's sword, that flashed in the sun like lightning. Not a word was spoken by any in the troop.

They now dismounted; and having fastened their horses together by their bridles, went through the exercise of foot soldiers.

soldiers. "Hey dey!" exclaimed Sir Thomas, "this is a new manœuvre." But when he saw them become archers, pikemen, or spearmen, he could contain his admiration no longer. "By Heaven!" said he, "the boy is a prodigy!"

Returning to their horses, the banditti remounted; and, dividing into two parties, they went through all the possible circumstances of an actual engagement, with every appearance of reality, to the great entertainment of the spectators, and to the great surprize of the Baron, who in all their movements had never seen one attempt to avoid the broken ground.

As a *chef-d'œuvre*, they united and advanced, full gallop, to the edge of the river; entered, and swam to the opposite shore, and skirmished. Returning; they galloped up to the breast of

of their patron's horses; making a full stop, and saluting the company.

The Baron retired behind the throng, that he might not be under the necessity of complimenting Hugh; but the spectators rent the air with acclamations, and he received that approbation which alone he cared for, the approbation of Sir Thomas and his amiable family.

He now returned to Turretville, to guard his troop from the ill effect of plunging into cold water whilst heated. He attended his own horse, to set his men a good example; and having bestowed a few minutes in changing his own dress, entered the dining-room with a satisfaction on his countenance which he could not repress, till the Baron's gloomy aspect met his eye, which never failed to raise in his mind a sensation approaching to horror.

The Baron had also on this day met with a new cause of wonder and inquietude. The moment that he saw Hugh in armour, he found out that in his countenance, which had hitherto troubled him without knowing why: it was the likeness of Sir Henry Riverford: "'Tis very strange," said he to himself, "for to my knowledge Lady Riverford died before she had been married three months." He could not, however, dismiss the idea, nor entertain it without uneasiness.

A servant entered from the troop, humbly inviting them to the court yard. Smiling on each other, they complied. They found Hugh's men drawn up in uniform, simple and neat. The Lieutenant, as spokesman, addressed himself to Sir Thomas; and begging pardon for the liberty he had taken, informed him that the company had desired

sired him to express their satisfaction and gratitude.

"O, Sir," said he, "since we have been taken under your roof, we have been treated not as slaves, but as men —as men capable of feeling even the impulse of fame: a motive infinitely superior to any that ever actuated our bosoms in the savage life which we formerly led. The plaudits we this day received, waked in our hearts a sensation as pleasing as it was new. Of pride, which I trust is laudable: and of gratitude—of gratitude, to you as the cause, and to our Captain as the means of our happiness. Long, long may you and your excellent family enjoy those blessings which you know so well how to bestow. Soon may our noble Captain obtain that fame which he so well deserves to possess."

"Fellow soldiers," replied Sir Thomas, "I have seen much service, but nothing that ever equalled this day's exhibition; which, I am convinced, could not at present be equalled in the whole realm. I have only to disclaim your thanks; they belong to your Captain: he found you, he projected the plan, so replete with general satisfaction: I need not say, he trained you, and rendered you acceptable to yourselves. To him, therefore, direct your gratitude; and trust me, that envy was never the inmate of Thomas Greyfort's breast."

"Comrades," said Hugh, "I thank you for this earnest of your affection and service. The duty we must engage in will be full of danger; but for myself, I am resolved to leave my bones to whiten on the Saracen shore, rather than return without glory; nor will I be satisfied with

with a niggard portion. My armour is that of a saint as well as a soldier; and I am taught to believe that I must fight the battle of my God, as well as of my King.

"If I succeed, tremble the tyrant; if I fall, still let him beware.—The wages of iniquity are shame and death; and they will ultimately be paid."

During this address, the countenance of the Baron underwent various changes; but when Hugh pronounced the words, "Tremble the tyrant," his face became overspread with deadly paleness: he complained of indisposition, ordered his horse, and returned to Rockenalt, without staying to dine.

Hugh entered the apartment, his face still glowing with the sentiments inspired by his address, and apologized to Sir Thomas for his warmth.

"Your speech," replied the Knight, "wants explanation more than apology."

Hugh then informed him of the circumstance that had happened in the church of St. Mary; carefully, at Sir Thomas's request, repeating the lines.

"I have no doubt," said Sir Thomas, "that your existence is enveloped with supernatural mystery; but remember young man, for I see your soul is inflamed with ambition, my purse and my council go as far as reason and incontestable proof authorize, and no farther."

Hugh declared his perfect acquiescence in Sir Thomas's judgment; acknowledged the charge brought against him, and expressed himself ready to abide the decision alluded to.

CHAP. XI.

O'er his fine form, and o'er his glowing face,
Youth's ripen'd bloom had shed its richest grace:
Tall as the Pine amid inferior trees,
With all the bending Osier's pliant ease.

MISS SEWARD.

WILLIAM was become by his fine person, handsome features, and engaging address, an universal favourite with the fair.

Hugh excited their admiration. He was above six feet high; in person, the

Apollo Belvidere: his open countenance and fine eyes, calculated to express every emotion of his soul; and the sentiment, that any woman could love him if he would permit it, was generally felt and acknowledged.

Emilia had always treated him as a brother; which conduct was returned on the part of Hugh with grateful respect; but she had known him so long, and been accustomed to receive so much pleasure in his company, that she began to feel his departure would leave a void in the disposal of her time, that no other person was so well qualified to fill. It was impossible to see Emilia without pleasure: her amiable manners, sweet voice, and interesting form, were charming in the highest degree; but her countenance, ever the echo of her sentiment, whether of pity, magnanimity, or playful humour, was irresistible. Yet it was not

till

till you had left her, that you discovered the extent of the influence which she possessed.

Sir Thomas wished to devote one day to his favourite amusement before he quitted the country, which was to be in the Easter week, now near approaching; and early one morning he set forth, accompanied by William, Hugh, several attendants, and Emilia, who was an excellent horse-woman, as spectator.

They were returning in the evening, with many vouchers of their courage and dexterity, when an angry boar rushed from a thicket, opposite to Emilia, and so terrified her horse, that, starting, he unfortunately threw his fair rider to the ground.

The enraged animal made toward the place where Emilia lay; and in all proba-

bility, one minute must have terminated her existence, had not Hugh, whose presence of mind never forsook him, dismounted, and with the celerity of thought, thrust a short hunting spear into the creature's side. As the boar now turned upon him, and as he had been unable to extract his spear, he was obliged to retreat, and would easily have escaped, had not his foot tript over a stump that lay hidden by the grass, and brought him to the ground: the furious beast arrived, and with one violent attack laid open his bowels; but exhausted with loss of blood, was unable to repeat his effort, staggered, fell, and died.

The grief of Sir Thomas, his son, and daughter, was inexpressible. Hugh, in scarcely articulate sounds, conjured them not to be unhappy: he had sworn to defend the family at the risque of his life, and he had performed his oath. "I could have

have wished," said he, "to gain some reputation in Palestine, but I fear it cannot be: I shall die the same unknown being that I have lived."

Emilia recovered from one fainting fit, only to reproach herself as the cause of his death, and relapse into another.

They were a mile from the castle: Sir Thomas had dispatched a messenger to the priory, desiring such Monks as were skillful in medicine to attend; and having caused some of the attendants to join their arms and to kneel down, he with the assistance of William and others, laid Hugh, who was happily become insensible to his situation, upon them.

In this manner, Emilia the statue of despair, they entered the Castle,

which, when the accident was made known, became a scene of lamentation and woe.

The Monks severally examined the wound, but would give no opinion: they hoped the intestines were not wounded, but could not positively say. They however, with great tenderness, freed the wound as much as possible from blood, and having sewed, fomented it with proper herbs, and desired that he might be left to repose.

Hugh, whom these operations had brought to his senses, gazed around: every countenance was sad, every eye filled with tears. The Monks did not allow him to speak, but he shook hands with Sir Thomas and William, who would not leave his bedside; but remained, with a Monk, all the night.

About

About midnight Hugh dropt asleep, but soon waked with a degree of fever that gradually increased to frenzy; so that it required six of his strongest men to confine him to his bed. He fancied himself in Palestine, encouraged his men, pointed to the hottest of the war, and drove thousands before him; till, nature being exhausted with exertion, he lay still for a time, totally insensible to every thing around him.

Sir Thomas paced the castle like a ghost; William was seldom out of his chamber: Lady Greyfort suffered in silence: but Emilia's tears and reproaches were loud and incessant.

Retiring to her apartment, that she might indulge her grief without interruption, she would exclaim, "Can I ever expect to know a moment's happiness? have I not destroyed, in bud, the proud

hope

hope of a youth, whose soul was the seat of honour?—my friend, my preserver, my brother."

The Monks informed Sir Thomas, that Hugh's frame could not long sustain such violent emotion, and that a few days must terminate the strife: when he would either recover or be past hope. His unceasing cry was for water: the orders of the Monks were, "let him not have a drop on your lives, he requires cordials."

It happened, that William having left the room to get a few hours repose, and the attendant Monk being called away to a dying domestic, Hugh pleaded so earnestly with the Lieutenant and two of his people, who were left as his watch, that their honest natures were unable to resist what they considered to be the last request of their dying Captain. The

Lieutenant

Lieutenant brought him a large pitcher full of the precious element: Hugh swallowed its contents with the most eager desire, and, rolling himself in the clothes, fell into a sound sleep.

As he was scarcely perceived to breathe, the men began to think that they had certainly expedited their Commander's death; but this suspicion they carefully kept to themselves.

But when, after six hours sleep, he awaked perfectly sensible, and wished them good morning, they were almost mad with joy: swearing that three quarts of cold spring water, had saved the life of the best, the noblest soldier that ever plucked enemy by the beard. The Monks were astonished and pronounced it a miracle: "For what but a miracle," said they, "can have altered the nature of things, and rendered that life, which we

we know to be in every other case infallible death." They told Hugh, therefore, that he had been saved by the immediate interposition of Providence; no doubt for some uncommon purpose, and recommended him to consult the Priory on every occasion: which alone could decide whether the impulse was from Heaven or Hell; adding, "the spirit often tempts men to their undoing."

When the favourable turn that had taken place in Hugh's malady became generally known, bonfires were lighted, barrels of ale broached, and every demonstration of joy took place, both within and without the walls of the castle: for the Knight's liberality was boundless as his joy.

Lady Greyfort visited the invalid in his apartment; and, in the most flattering manner, told him, that they had never discovered his value till they had been

so near losing him. "Come Hugh," said she, "you must get well, if it be but to give us an opportunity of atoning for our former insensibility."

"O Madam," replied the youth, "your favours have always outrun my deserts. I confess that this accident preys upon my mind, as it prevents my accompanying Sir Thomas in the expedition, in which all my soul was engaged."

"Comfort yourself," replied the lady, "something may happen to retard it: such great undertakings are not managed with the facility of a domestic transaction." Hugh shook his head; and it must be confessed that Lady Greyfort spoke more with a view of affording hope, than from any knowledge of what had actually happened.

But

But Emilia, hearing from all quarters what ravages sickness had made in so short a time on the person of one of the finest young men in the world, and considering herself as the cause, could not prevail upon herself to enter the apartment; though she sought every opportunity of sending her hopes, her wishes, and her prayers for his recovery.

Sir Thomas had already, in consequence of Hugh's situation, suffered the King to depart for Normandy without him. He now prepared to go thither himself, carefully concealing his design from Hugh: intending to quit the castle without his knowledge.

He had drawn up his men in order to depart, when a courier arrived at the castle, with letters from the Archbishop of Ely, who, with the Bishop of Durham, had

had been appointed to govern in Richard's absence, informing him, that in consequence of the death of the Queen of France, the rendezvous was adjourned to Midsummer, and was to take place at Vezelay: whither he hoped Sir Thomas would be able to repair in good time; adding, that vessels would thenceforward be in waiting at Southampton, to convey troops across the channel.

For this pleasing piece of intelligence, the courier was handsomely rewarded. Sir Thomas also sent a magnificent present to the Archbishop: to whose favour he knew there was no other road.

Before he acquainted any of the family with the news, he went to Hugh's chamber: "Well my boy," said he, "how do you find yourself?"

"In

"In no pain, Sir Thomas; but I fear I cannot recover my disappointment. I see you are ready to depart; I cannot, cannot, support it!"—He then burst into a flood of tears.

This feeling was quite new to Hugh. 'Tis true he had sometimes detected a single tear straying down his cheek at the mention of another's woe; but this inundation of sorrow, and for himself too, surprized and vexed him; and he endeavoured to suppress it, till his heart was almost bursting at the effort.

Sir Thomas, in order to conceal the feeling that overpowered him, turned aside his head, and extending the letter toward Hugh, cried, "Read! read!"

"Why," sobbed the youth, "should I read? Your honour would have led you forth at the appointed time; I need not

not this apology: I presume it contains your orders." The Knight could only repeat, though with more firmness, "Read." Hugh languidly opened the pacquet; but as his eyes travelled over its contents, they darted fire! On coming to the conclusion, he exclaimed, clasping his hands together, "Thank Heaven, thank Heaven!" and fainted.

Sir Thomas assisted to recover him, and told him that he must go and give Lady Greyfort the pleasing information: "O Sir," said Hugh, "is it possible, that for such an unworthy being, you could have delayed that excellent Lady's happiness?"—"Take my word for it," replied the Knight, "you are not an unworthy being; and had I not thought the intelligence of more consequence in saving your life, than in her temporary suspension of pleasure, you

you would not have been paid the compliment.

Lady Greyfort and Emilia were in tears: William was endeavouring to console them, as Sir Thomas entered the parlour. Emilia rising, and throwing her arms round her father, cried, "You will be so cruel as to leave us then?" "I must," replied the Knight, "when duty demands me; but that is not the case yet." He then put the dispatches into her hand, and bade her read them aloud. As she proceeded, smiles took place of tears; her countenance brightened into joy, and she observed, "O how happy will this make the invalid!"

As the good Knight related the circumstances of his visit, every heart felt sympathy: every eye assumed lustre, when

when the influence it was likely to have on Hugh's recovery darted across the mind.

Joy once more beamed on the castle of Turretville. Visits were renewed—the exercise of arms was resumed with greater ardour; and the invalid gradually recovered his strength.

One morning he found himself so much better after a night's sound rest, that he thought he was able to rise. The Lieutenant assisted him, and he resolved to surprize the family with a visit.

On opening the parlour door, he discovered nobody but Emilia; who, uttering a faint shriek, placed her hands before her eyes, and sunk backward in her chair. To see that fine form, which

had

had been so erect, so dignified, bending and trembling on a staff; those penetrating eyes without a particle of fire; that face, once the seat of blooming health, overspread with the paleness of death; and at the same time, to consider herself as the cause of all, was indeed almost too much for her tender frame to support.

Meantime Hugh staggered to a seat, unable to account for the scene before him. After a considerable pause, he asked with trembling anxiety, "Am I then become hateful to Emilia?"

The tone of his voice called every virtuous feeling of her heart into action; she flew toward him, clasped her arms round his neck, and wept on his bosom; at length in a voice scarcely to be understood for sobbing, she cried, "O Hugh,

O my

O my brother, I have reduced you to this dreadful state; can you, can you, forgive the unhappy Emilia?"

"Forgive," said Hugh, unconsciously pressing her to his side; "I trust I should have done, what I did for you, for the meanest of your father's vassals. My accident was owing to that unlucky fall; do not then unnecessarily afflict yourself; besides, I am getting well, and shall soon stand in no need even of your pity."

"O Hugh," rejoined the amiable girl, "I feel that had you died, I should soon have died also: though you so generously forgive me, I could not have forgiven myself. I will do every thing in my power to promote your recovery; I will sing to you, play to you; I wil be your nurse. It is but just, that the

life you so critically snatched from eternity, should be employed to make your's happy."

As Hugh held the most amiable, the most lovely of her sex in his arms, and felt a heart beating against his side, beating in solicitude for himself, he felt for the first time the delicious sensation which is the offspring of nothing else in the world but the purest love. He trembled at his danger, but had not resolution to withdraw; and in this situation they were found by Lady Greyfort.

Lady Greyfort had never entertained the slightest suspicion of her daughter's sense of propriety, nor of Hugh's honour: she rightly considered, therefore, that Emilia's situation was the effect of her gratitude, and sincerely congratulated Hugh

Hugh on his amendment, seating herself on the opposite side, and taking his hand with gentle encouragement to do well.

Sir Thomas and William, who had missed Hugh from his apartment, came to seek him. "Hey-dey," said the Knight, "I shall become jealous; this sturdy fellow has won all hearts in the castle, not leaving the corner of one unoccupied for William and me; but get well my boy, and I shall think myself well paid for the sacrifice."

"O Sir," said Hugh smiling, "what can you fear from such a scarecrow as Hugh?"

"Pity, Hugh," replied the Knight, "has made her throne the heart of a woman; and love being a near relation, she does what almost every other

monarch does, promotes him to such high offices, that he gradually becomes more powerful than the sovereign himself."

Sir Thomas, having received notice of Longchamp Bishop of Ely's arrival at Southampton, to enforce contributions for the expedition, set out with William and Lady Greyfort to pay their respects: Hugh was still unable to perform so long a journey; and Emilia not having been presented at Court, they were left at home to take care of each other.

The weather being remarkably fine for the season of the year, Hugh proposed a short excursion on horseback; Emilia cheerfully consented.

What road should they take? That leading to what was formerly Jasper's Cottage was very pleasant. They agreed

to

to call, and see if any one inhabited it with Jasper's inclination and ability to give October.

But what were Hugh's emotions on coming to this charming spot, once the seat of peace and festivity, to see that the chimney had fallen down, and that all one end of the cottage was in a state of ruin?—The windows occupied by dirty canvass—the jessamine and honeysuckle, formerly clinging round the door, torn down probably for firewood—the smooth green lawn overgrown with thistles, and the neat hedge-rows in some places broken through—in others, vegetating beyond all limits.

"O Emilia," said he, "could we find such an abject hovel on your father's estate? This is the effect of tyranny!"

Hearing the voices of children, they resolved to enter. At one side of the room, on a bed of straw, lay a poor woman, with a child not more than a fortnight old: in the chimney, which was without fire, sat a venerable greyheaded old man, shaking with cold and palsy; and three squalid children clamoured round their mother for bread. In a few minutes entered a girl about eight years of age, with a pan of skimmed milk and some broken bread that were obtained of a vassal of Sir Thomas's, the Baron's people being forbidden by his Steward to afford them any relief, on pain of his displeasure.

They were waiting for the woman's recovery, to be turned out of doors.

They learnt that the father of this unfortunate family, having been crossed in his

his way by a hare, had caught it in his arms; but on bearing it home, was detected by the Gamekeeper, who, not content with taking away his booty and beating him unmercifully, reported him to the Steward; so that when levies were made for the holy land, his name was first on the list.

Emilia gave money and promised to send assistance; then taking Hugh's arm, begged of him to quit a scene of so much distress.

They rode home in silence; but when Hugh entered the parlour, "Emilia," said he, "can we be children of the same God?—Is it consistent with the idea of a superintending Providence, that innocence, illness, and age, should bear the iron hand of oppression? Who shall say, that one of those boys taken under your father's fostering protection, might not

become an able statesman, a good soldier, or, which is perhaps equal to either, an honest man and valuable member of society? There must be—it is necessary for the honour of God, that there should be another world, where these mysteries will be developed—where this apparent injustice will be explained—where the soul of that poor creature, if equally virtuous, shall be equal in happiness to that of the richest in the land—where the tear shall be wiped from the cheek of misery—and where tyranny shall endure the pangs of its own conscience, without the power of revenge."

"Shall we know each other in Heaven?" asked Emilia.

"I think we shall."

"Have you any good reason for your opinion?"

"I have

"I have no reason against it. We must be conscious of our previous existence, or we cannot be sensible of the justice of Heaven, and acquiesce in its disposal of us; and if conscious of the events of our own life, how can we forget the persons and circumstances with which that life is inseparably connected."

"'Tis a pleasing idea: all distinction will be done away."

"What distinction do you allude to?"

"Blood, rank, wealth."

"Our church teaches us to believe that in Heaven there will be no distinction but that of virtue: but perhaps Emilia, our knowledge and virtue may

be even there progressive, and consequently our happiness."

"There then, at least, I may be suffered to—"

"To what Emilia."

"I dare not tell you."

"Dare not: why?"

"If I were to tell you the why: you would find out the what.—But who comes here?"

Lord and Lady Forestland sent favours, and hoped for the honour of Sir Thomas and his family's company to wish them joy.

Emilia returned an appropriate message,

sage, that all the family excepting herself were at Southampton; but begged leave to present her own congratulations.

"Are they likely to be a happy pair?" asked Hugh.

"They are equal in rank and fortune."

"That is necessary."

"Do you think so?"

"Certainly.—If all advantages are on the side of one person, in some peevish moment, he may upbraid his companion with inferiority. No proudly virtuous man would enter into the marriage state on such terms."

"I have heard that people might live in a cottage on love."

"Yes, where there is equality: where there are bodies to labour, and minds not above the situation."

"Will love make amends for the want of honour?"

"Possibly it may; it can never compensate for disgrace."

"What do you think of love?"

"I dare not think of it." (This was by no means true: he had been thinking of it two whole days and a night.)

"Why not?"

"It would call my mind from the pursuit of glory."

"Now you are all on fire: moderate your fury and answer my question."

"Thus,

"Thus, then, I think of love.—It should be founded on esteem, in consequence of the knowledge of mutual virtue and good disposition, in order to last for ever; but for that flimsy passion which occupies the breasts of boys and girls, it is a false flame, an *ignis fatuus*, that goes out of itself, after leading its unhappy votaries into disappointment, disgust, and ruin. Love must not interfere with the duties of society: a lover must not ever be at the feet of his mistress: he must be active to enjoy health: he must be healthy or he cannot be cheerful."

"Boys and girls!—flimsy passion!—fine talking," said Emilia, "for a youth of eighteen;" as she smiling rose to tie his neckcloth, which he had been endeavouring to do all the time of his flaming speech.

As

As he felt her balmy breath on his cheek, he recollected the sensation which he had felt when her heart met his: what would he not give to have it repeated? Trembling, he gently raised his bosom: he felt one pulsation, it thrilled through his heart: he fell backward in the chair and fainted. Emilia was not wanting to herself: she sprinkled water on his face, and soon had the satisfaction to see him recover.

"For Heaven's sake, Hugh, what is the matter?"

"I cannot—dare not tell."

"Dare not?"

"Yes Emilia, dare not; pray urge me no further: suffer me to retire."

"Well

"Well Sir, as you desire it; but is it kind to leave me without some sort of explanation?"

"O Emilia, I tremble to think it is possible I may become a villain: excuse, forgive, and pity me.

Emilia, whose innocence was unconscious of alarm, replied, "I excuse and pity you; but where there is no offence, there certainly need be no forgiveness; however, if it will afford you any satisfaction, I forgive you; but dear Hugh, you must get rid of these freaks, they are certainly the remains of your frenzy."

"I will endeavour."

"And remember Hugh, I mean to take those cottagers under my protection; so I beg you will not take the liberty to interfere."

When

When the family returned from Southampton, they were alarmed to hear that Hugh had retired unwell. What is the matter Hugh?" said William, entering his apartment. What could he say? He for the first time prevaricated: "He did not exactly know: he might possibly have over-fatigued himself."

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

It were all one,
That I should love a bright partic'lar star,
And think to wed it.———

SHAKESPEARE.

IN the morning, Hugh dressed himself in a great hurry, and made a strange bustle with his men; but it would not do: love had taken full possession of his mind, and, to the great injury of his other pursuits, insisted upon a Benjamin's portion in all his thoughts. Hence arose many

many curious blunders, which his men surveyed with pity as the result of his late illness.

He made a hasty breakfast, and ordered his horse. "Where are you going?" said Sir Thomas. "He could not exactly tell; but hoped the Knight would excuse him."

He mounted and set off in great eagerness; but having entered the wood, suffered his horse to go where he pleased.

During this curious excursion, a thousand contrary schemes entered, and thrust each other out of his head.

At length he hit upon one that gave him infinite satisfaction: it was this—Perhaps if he could contrive to perform some striking and beneficial action in Palestine,

Palestine, the King might honour him with a title: and since all great families had an origin, Sir Thomas might in consequence of his honours overlook his birth. This he would do by Heaven!—with Heaven's permission. As to his likeness to Sir Henry Riverford, the picture was the only evidence of his relationship; the evidence of a ghost, as he did not imagine it would be given in a court of justice, if there was any to give, could avail him but little.

Waking from his deep reverie, he looked up and saw the castle. His horse, being left to his own disposal, had employed himself in picking the young green tops of fern; an amusement he seemed to prefer to that of walking.

Taking the reins into his hands, therefore, he re-entered the castle as the dinner bell rung. As he approached the dining

dining-room in deep thought, "Where have you been?" said the Knight; he did not exactly know.

"That is a strange answer," said Sir Thomas, "and not the first time I have heard it in the same day."

This expostulation collected his scattered senses. Placing his hand on his forehead, he begged pardon, and feared his intellects were not perfectly recovered: the wildness of his looks, and disorder of his dress were his vouchers.

"Go then, boy," said Sir Thomas; "dress yourself, and we will see what can be done for you."

"Hugh washed himself; but could not wash away those tenacious thoughts that occupied his brain; but after taking a turn

a turn on the battlements, he felt himself much recovered.

In the presence of Emilia he soon forgot his sorrows; and the amiable family welcomed with joy his returning reason and cheerfulness.

Several days passed on as usual; and Hugh, hearing nothing of the poor cottagers, began to think that they had escaped Emilia's memory. A visit to the place, which he found deserted, confirmed his suspicion.

He had, however, no opportunity of consulting her on the subject, till one morning, in the presence of Sir Thomas and Lady Greyfort, she invited him to take an airing on horseback.

"You directed our last excursion," said she; "I will take the lead in this."

They

They took the road leading toward the sea shore. On the borders of the new forest, was a neat white-washed cottage: it was covered with thatch, and all around it was an infant plantation: the hedges were planted with woodbine and eglantine: at the porch were jessamine and rose trees; but that which most surprized Hugh was, to see William in the centre of the ground before the house, with three children: each of whom was contending with the others for the honour of his hand.

They entered the cottage. An air of neatness and cheerfulness prevailed. The woman, who, it is unnecessary to say, was the poor creature that he had seen at Jasper's cottage, was able to rise and welcome them. The old man in warm cloathing advanced, shaking his hoary head, and weeping his gratitude; and presently the husband himself appeared with

with a net of game, that he, in humble manner, presented to Emilia.

"This Hugh," said Emilia, opening the door of an apartment that was fitted up with elegance, "is my apartment; there Robert can give you, whenever you call, a glass of your favourite sparkling October."

Hugh had surveyed every thing in silence: his mind occupied in comparing the cheerfulness of this, with the desolation of Jasper's cottage; but when with-without spectators, he took Emilia's hand, gazed tenderly on her, and burst into tears. "Bless me, Hugh!" exclaimed Emilia, "I expected to make you happy; what has deprived me of the satisfaction I looked for?" "Emilia," replied the youth, "I fear my strength of mind is gone for ever! I weep to be a witness

even

even of your goodness! O Emilia, you are a ministering Angel, sent to bind up the wounds of the broken-hearted. Where-ever you tread, blessings spring—every creature is happy in your bounty but myself! I, ingrate that I am, deserve the wretchedness I suffer."

"Hugh," said the lovely maid, "be-ware! I have already nearly occasioned your death: in pity do not charge me with your unhappiness: that something has preyed upon your spirits I have seen for some time past; how miserable would Emilia have been, had she thought her-self the occasion. But tell me how I am the cause of what you suffer. I will do every thing in my power to restore your lost peace; to which I am no less led by inclination than bound by gratitude."

"Ah Emilia! you know not what you say;

say; were I to trust you with my secret, you would be confounded at my presumption, you would despise me."

"I have such confidence in your honour, that your words are unintelligible."

"But I will tell you; I can bear death rather than this agonizing suspence.—Listen!

"I am going to the Holy Land. I have resolved not to be chary of my life: the chance of returning, reckoning by former crusades, is against me; but should I not be unworthy, would Emilia"——

"Hugh," replied the fascinating maid, "I will not pretend to misunderstand you. We have lived together from infancy: you have rendered innumerable services to our house: your society has

ever been a source of rational amusement, or pleasant instruction; and when the voyage to Syria was first mentioned, I felt an aching heart at the idea of losing the company of one rendered so dear to me by custom and by virtue. It was not, however, till the late accident, that I discovered how necessary you were to my happiness: I know your noble nature is incapable of taking advantage of this frank declaration. Here is my hand: I wish it was more worthy for your sake; but promise not to claim it without my father's approbation."

Hugh listened, scarcely daring to breathe lest he should lose one word of this precious acknowledgement; but finding that she ceased to speak, he snatched the fair offer to his lips, solemnly vowing to deserve, or never to demand it. "O, Emilia! thou art indeed an Angel!" said he; for thy goodness has reached even my

my sorrows, which were deemed beyond hope: how can I show my sense of the mighty blessing—my gratitude?"

"Simply by regaining your former health and spirits—your former cheerfulness."

"Never doubt! every one is happy in your bounty: what then must I be?"

"True; for my purse (smiling) may be divided and render many happy; but my heart must go to one, or it will not make any happy."

"O, Emilia! I know the superior worth of that share of your bounty which I possess: never can I cease to value it truly: never will I rest till I have deserved it!"

William entered the apartment. "Well,

Hugh," said he; "how do you like Emilia's fancy?"

"She is an Angel! the Garden of Eden blooms where late howled a barren waste!"

"I am but her agent. At her request I waited on the Baron; and obtained, though with some difficulty, Robert's discharge. The Baron enlarged much on the heinousness of the offence; but I saw that it was intended chiefly to enhance the value of the obligation. Emilia planned the cottage, and laid out the ground: she also clothed the family, and procured Robert to be made Gamekeeper in this part of the forest. I think, Hugh, the air of the place seems to agree with you: you look better already."

"William, I am much better: the goodness of your amiable sister has made me

me truly happy. Little did I think, when I saw these poor but honest people groaning in poverty, sickness, and hunger, that the reversion of a week would present them in Paradise.

Emilia smiled at the turn his speech had taken; and presenting her hand, led him to a spot where she knew that he would enjoy his favourite prospect.

Beyond a beautiful flat country of considerable extent, appeared the Solent Sea; it's numerous white sails glittering in the sun. The small town of Lymington was in front, yet not intercepting a clear view of the Needle Rocks; to the right, the lofty Isle of Purbeck looked down on the main; and to the left, were seen the beautiful hills of Vecta, smiling in verdure, and covered with flocks.

The spot was situated on the side of

a

a hill of gentle ascent. Behind (but in the garden of) the cottage, there was a rustic seat almost surrounded by every kind of grateful shrub: promising, in the course of the summer, to render it a delicious retreat. At the back of this seat, nearly covered with ivy, and attached to a venerable oak, was a neat marble tablet, inscribed

TO THE PRESERVER OF HER LIFE,

EMILIA GREYFORT.

Hugh was sensibly affected at this delicate compliment. "Emilia," said he, "I must despair of performing the vow I have made to deserve you."

As they had already exceeded the time proposed, they returned to the cottage, remounted their horses, and, attended by William, returned to Turretville.

Hugh

Hugh was no longer the dejected, absent, and languid being that he had been; his spirits and animation returned, seeming to influence the whole castle. He joined more freely, but with no diminution of respect, in the family conversation; often alluring Sir Thomas into descriptions of those battles which the Knight had witnessed. And though this alteration of manner was universally observed, it excited no suspicion of the cause, but was with pleasure attributed to his recovery.

When with Emilia, his language adopted the expression of tenderness, esteem, and affection: with Lady Greyfort, of deference and respect: to every other lady, he was polite but reserved. This distinction, as Hugh was generally admired, was flattering to Emilia; nor could she gaze on his numerous accomplishments with indifference.

The

The time for their departure was once more arrived: once more all was prepared, and once more a letter arrrived from Longchamp. It only stated, that Richard would in all probability winter in Italy; and that if Sir Thomas could make any use of the information, the writer's intention would be answered.

This proved welcome news to Lady Greyfort and Emilia. Sir Thomas resolved to have the company of his family to Italy, and so long as they should remain there. Nevertheless, he would not suffer the new arrangement to impede his departure.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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